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COLLIN'S BAY

DIAMOND

JANUARY 1956



ROBERT BURNS 1759~1796

THE DIAMOND
Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.
(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston, Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: "VINCIT OMNIA VERITAS"

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Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY

DIAMOND

- JANUARY -

WORDS OF WISDOM

.The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

..... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan, M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.....A Philosopher

CONTENTS

WORKS OF THE MASTERS 2
THOUGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT ....(Editorial)..... 3
THE RED CROSS IN THE BAY 4
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY 6
GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT 8
OUR 4% 10
PROFESSOR A.B. STRACT 12
THE TWELVE STEPS OF AN A.A 13
TWICE MET 14
KAMPUS KWEERIES 16
THE BREAK I GOT FROM PRISON 18
PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS 19
SHOW BUSINESS 20
THE MAIL BOX 22
VOCATIONAL TRAINING SHEET METAL 23
I WAS A HARD ROCK 24
A LOST LETTER 25
EDITOR'S MUSINGS 26
HELP FROM EVERYWHERE..... 27
SENTENCED TO BIRTH 28
QUALITY QUOTES FROM PENITENT PENS 31
"THE EAR" 32
SPORTS IN THE BAY 34
PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE 36
"HALL OF FAME" 37
FANTASIA 38
SALVAGE & SWILL 39
PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS 40

From the

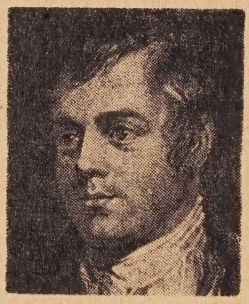
Works of The Masters

A Man's A Man For A' That

Is there, for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that.

Robert BURNS **1759 — 1796**



Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lor,
Wha' struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
His riband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS ON EMPLOYMENT

WE, as inmates of a Federal Penitentiary, hear and become very conscious of a subject: Rehabilitation. Much is done for us along this line while we are serving our sentence; vocational training, correspondence courses, and the Institution school. All these efforts are appreciated by the majority of inmates, and a good number take advantage of these opportunities by enrolling.

We are told, and again the majority agree, rehabilitation starts within the man himself. No earthly power can start this urge inside a man, the will to straighten out comes, and I repeat, from within the man.

And there we have a fairly complete picture, Penologists, willing to do their part, and a fairly good share of the inmates willing to let them do so. We have competent instructors, good equipment, and the living quarters allotted to vocational students are certainly designed for studying.

Now we come to an inmate about to be discharged; he has completed a course whilst serving his sentence, and is about to be discharged. In many cases his most pressing worry is employment. Today, many employers are quite willing to hire an ex-inmate of a Federal Penitentiary. This applies of course to the trades section of industry, how about the white collar end of our vast manufacturing and retailing world?

Roughly 56% of private companies have no set policy regarding ex-inmates. They believe in dealing with a case as it comes up, however they did say lack of experience had a lot to do with the absence of a definite rule. Two of these companies stated preferred not to have a definite policy because, if a policy is going to be a policy at all, it has to be quite rigid; and and in dealing with a problem like this considerable flexibility is desirable.

On this question of hiring ex-inmates or anyone with a record, 16% of those interviewed went on record as saying they would refuse to hire anyone with a record under any conditions.

To the question, 32% of the interviewed employers stated that a man's past offences were not an important factor in hiring. Representative of this group would be a construction company which would not ask questions regarding the man's past, and if he volunteered information it would not be held against his chance of employment.

As far as the job asked for is concerned 84% of the employers with a conditional approach would consider a former offender for unskilled labour, 64% for skilled labour, 40% for clerical positions and 8% would be willing to hire them as salesmen.

None however would consider them for the position of an accountant, cashier, or executive.

A goodly number said that if a man had proven himself with some other employer since his last offense, they would hire him, again rehabilitation by the man himself.

And now we come to bonding companies; there are no sentiments here, just cold, honest, dollar facts, of three companies interviewed, each stated it was improbable that a bond would be issued to a man with a criminal record. Ordinarily a person applying for a bond needs about five character references, and the companies special investigators examine very thoroughly a man's past.

So we come to the conclusion that a man learning a trade in here has a definite edge on the man who, in depending on a white collar job, may come in contact with a bonding company.

Representatives of the two biggest Canadian Industrial and Trade Unions stated that their organizations do not hold a man's past against him in any way. They feel that by serving his time a man paid his debt to society for his offences and after that should be considered on equal terms with all other citizens. This is a commendable and wonderful outlook, if only we could convince all large companies to follow it.

In the final analysis on a questionaire submitted to a representative group of companies,

this was the wind up: one thing that stands out here are the reasons for the unfavourable attitudes toward former offenders. One would tend to think that unsatisfactory previous experience was behind it. In reality however, only four employers had such experience, and all the others, when refusing employment to such a man, are just assuming that he cannot be trusted. (Based on 50 employers and 5 organizations having influence on the hiring policies of many employers.)

Now in conclusion, the Penologists put forth their efforts to rehabilitate an offender, the offender tries to assist in his rehabilitations; on his release he must find work or revert to crime, who is it up to???

Now we have a few suggestions, these would be helpful in making the penitentiaries rehabilitation figures more impressive:

A—When a man has finished his time, make that stand as payment in full for his crime.
B—Do not permit police to visit him at his place of employment.
C—Attempt to break down the belief many employers have: once wrong always wrong.
D—And make his record available only to the Criminal Investigation Bureau; not to private agencies.

THE RED ✚ CROSS IN THE BAY



THE Canadian Red Cross Society Blood Bank paid it's semi-annual visit to Collin's Boy today, Thursday, December the 15th.

Mr. J.D. MacIntosh, the Vice-President of the Kingston Branch of the Red Cross, and chairman of the blood donor committee is again responsible for giving us this wonderful opportunity of doing something for some one else. Mr. MasIntosh is no stranger to the Bay population, and in the past has done us many favors. He has for a number of years been connected with the Crown Life Insurance Co. in Kingston.

Colonel S.M. Polson, M.D., was the accompanying physician with the group. The Colonel has been actively connected, voluntarily, for the past eleven years with the Red Cross.

A long period of active public service is behind the good doctor. He has served Canada for a period of 9 years in two wars.

As well as being Vice Chairman of the Kingston branch, he is Vice Chairman of the board of management of the Kingston General Hospital and actively interested in the Instiute for the blind.

The voluntary group were composed of Mrs. Stahbler, nurse, Mrs. C.W. Wolfe, nurse, Mrs. J.L. McDougall, typist, Mrs. G.H. Dover, typist, and Mrs. W.G. Simmons, registrar.

The boys in Collin's Bay wish to thank the lady voluntary workers of the Kingston Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic, for making it possible for them to do something for someone else at Christmas.

Members of the Canadian Red Cross were: Miss. S. Brown RN, Mrs. E McCredie RN, Miss J. Roberston, Miss Pat Price, Miss Gustavson, Mrs. Windberger, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Jones and the three drivers were Miss Steers, Mrs. Andrews, and Miss Hunter.

The day left a lot to be desired as far as the weather was concerned. Windy, cold and snow-flying, however all else was perfect.

From the time the bank opened there was a steady stream of depositors. And until closing time the workers were kept busy. From a vantage point this writer had many a quiet chuckle at the attempts of a few of the inmates to donate twice.



The population of the Bay at present is 420, and the donations amounted to 216 pints.

The Canadian Red Cross is one of the world's organizations that should have every one support. No matter where or when there is a disaster, the Red Cross is there doing monumental work, quietly and efficiently.

To us it is like a visit from old friends, and remember fellows these people know us. Many were the enquiries regarding different members of our population, who are now on the outside. For, you must realize that during their twice yearly visits they get to know us. So to the grand people of the Red Cross, thank you for giving us an opportunity to help, and may you have all the best in the New Year.

So to close this small effort to despict how we feel, please accept the following poem to show our feelings.

In Peace and War, Tolstoy wrote,
But here are people who devote
They're lives, and work for those in need,
Not by writing, but by deed.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY??



In the course of time, here in Collin's Bay, many subjects are discussed. Yes, Dear readers, it is surprising the range of topics. And, the surprising part of it all is the interest taken in these debates, the research to prove yes or no on any given subject.

It was to prove a point for our own satisfaction; we decided to run our own poll on a very delicate question.

The question:

DO YOU BELIEVE IT WOULD BE BENEFICIAL TO TELL A PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER THAT YOU HAVE A PENITENTIARY RECORD, BEFORE HE EMPLOYS YOU???

We approached, what we considered a generous cross section of our inmate population with the above question. And, we did not inform them we intended to base an article on their answers. In this way we guaranteed unposed or counterfeit retorts.

Here are the results:-

♯ 1: A man of 31, quite an accomplished machinist, above average in intelligence, an artistic leather worker, Canadian by birth of central European extraction. Ex-merchant Navy and having a wide scope of experience.

His answer:

"No", I would not, but first, bear this in mind, if after working for the man for six months, I discovered I wished to work permanently for him, then I would tell him the whole, unvarnished story. The first job I take however, the sole reason for accepting it will be for a record of employment, a source of reference, and believe me, I shall work hard and industriously to make myself appreciated. On leaving this employment I shall have a place to refer to if I am questioned regarding my past employer. With the security of this back log, then I shall tell my future employer my background, and the effort I am making to re-establish myself as a useful citizen.

♯ 2: A French Canadian, well educated, a former seminary student, well versed in English, ex Navy man, extremely intelligant, 27 years of age.

His answer:

"A definite No!" Because of past experience; many times he had admitted a reformatory record and had been refused employment.

♯ 3: This one is of Scandinavian extraction, 26 years of age, salesman, smart appearance, intelligent, possesses a sense of humour, pleasing personality. He hesitated momentantly then replied:

His Answer:

"No, I do not believe it is any of their business. And furthermore, no matter how long I was employed by a firm or by a person, it would still be "No". Even if I reached a fairly solid basis of friendship with my employer or employers, I would still remain secretive about my past. If they inadvertantly discovered I was an ex-inmate of a Penitentiary and fired me, I would ask them for a reference on the basis of my efforts for the time I was employed by them. That's the way I intend to handle it, there's no more to say."

♯ 4: This man is 33 years of age, Canadian, service station attendant, electrician's helper intelligent, very easy going.

His Answer:

"No! Why should I? Do you think they would hire me if they knew? Don't be foolish. They would tell me to get out, they don't hire ex-inmates of Penitentiaries. And if I do get a job, either with a large Company or a small one, I don't intend to tell them. It's up to me, to keep the job by hard work, and by behaving myself. If the boss finds out my secret, well and good, I shall just have to find another job."'

♯ 5: This young man is 23, Canadian, Irish extraction, intelligent, smart appearance, painter and decorator, takes a great interest in sports. Reads a great amount, well liked by the entire population here.

His Answer:

"I never thought about it, but I suppose for any permanency I should tell the chap before he hires me. This way, I could be sure no one could inform my employer of my past. Yes by all means tell the employer right from the start."

♯ 6: A man, 51 years of age, professional back-ground, very intelligent, Canadian, Germanic descent, smart appearance, having an interest in a range of subjects, and a very clear thinker.

His Answer:

"No, and I qualify by saying it is none of their business. My efforts will prove my intent and ability."

♯ 7: This man holds engineer's papers, is 40, Canadian, intelligent, good conversationalist, lived in United States, ex-Canadian Soldier.

His Answer:

"Well, now I suppose you would really have to tell them; it's a "helluva" thing to tell anyone but you would have to. Every time they had occasion to call you into the office, if you had not told them, you would be terrified some one had squealed on you. Oh, by all means, tell em from the start, it might be a little harder to get a job, but when you get one, well you're all set."

♯ 8: Canadian, 42, salesman, public relations work, ex-artillery man, intelligent, having a wide knowledge of other countries, well travelled, neat appearance, personable.

His Answer:

"Yes, a definite yes, get your foundation in right at the start. Granted you may have to go to quite a few more firms before you find one broadminded enough to accept you, but when you do, ah, there you are. From then on, I firmly believe your re-establishment and return to a decnt status is assured. No one can threaten you with your past and you are being honest with yourself. After all the President of the largest Calender manufacturing Corporation in the world is not ashamed of being an ex-inmate of an American Pententiary. This I believe, this practice I shall carry out.

♯ 9: This one is an American, 36 years of age, professional engineer, possessing a wide range of knowledge, widely travelled, an alcoholic, has a sense of humour, neat appearance, easy to get along with, but firmly set in his ways.

His Answer:

"A most emphatic yes, the majority of people upon learning of you being an ex-inmate of a Penitentiary refuse to belivev that you would be so straightforward about this, however upon getting over this initial shock, the majority will accept you as being above board and, with a few minor reservations will assume you are generally honest."

♯10: This man is a Canadian, Born in England, 40 years of age, an industrial estimator, ex-canadian soldier, sense of humour, hard working, intelligent, well read.

His Answer:

"Yes! sooner or later they would find out, if some other employee does not tell them, then some over enthusiastic member of society will. And after all, the man who is going to hire me on my release knows I am here. At any rate, barring the fact that I am going to a job, if I was going to apply for employment, I certainly would tell them from the beginning.

There you have it reading public, the straight answer on a very ticklish and delicate question. A question many people will never have to probe their soul for an answer to.

Today many social angencies, numerous newpapers and various public service groups are waging campaigns to lessen public discriminatien against the man who has paid his debt for his errors. However, even though society refuses in many instances to mark his bill "paid in full" we still have a percentage of men here, who on their release are willing and ready to face up to reality. They know they have many obstacles to overcome, but nonetheless, those who admit their past, have taken a real step toward their rehabilitation, dont you think so?

If any of our readers are interested in a varied answer to any question we shall be only too pleased to run a poll for you, particularly if it deals with rehabilitation.

Guilty Until Proven Innocent

by J-B. Bowden-Happens

HOW often do we take our civil liberties for granted? To me it seems that it is very seldom we even consider what our civil liberties are. The fact that our forefathers, in numerous cases, had to sacrifice their lives to obtain these civil liberties means little to us. "Assumed Guilty until Proven Innocent", certainly is not one of the liberties, yet it seems that the majority of the police courts accept it as standard procedure. The attitude of the courts seems to be that, if a police officer took the trouble to bring you into court, you must be guilty. Notwithstanding the fact that the police officer, in bringing you to court, very likely manages to get out of patrolling a beat. There most certainly are exceptions to this, although they are few and far between. One of these exceptions, that literally sticks out "like a sore thumb", recently occured in a Toronto Magistrates Court. The Magistrate involved was Mr. Martin. To give you an example of the proceedings, columnist Frank Tumpane, writing in the Toronto Evening Telegram said, and I quote: "If you are peacefully walking along the street and a policeman stops you and asks your name, what would you do?

If you are the average 99 out of 100, you would give it to him.

But a short while ago, a couple of Scarboro detectives ran into the recalcitrant and independent 100th case and got their egos bruised as a result.

Magistrate Martin ruled in effect that no policeman has the inalienable right to expect an answer from any citizen merely because the policeman wants to put the question.

In the case in question a man was walking on a street in Scarboro Township when two detectives—in plain clothes, of course—asked for his name and address. The man said he would tell the officers his name if they told him theirs. But they showed him only a police badge.

And then what happened is a little murky but what was described as a "scuffle" ensued and the man fell down a 10-foot embankment. Then he was taken to a police station.

And then what do you think happened?

The detectives decided they had been assaulted by this person. They laid a charge of assault against him and haled him into court. That's how the case got before Magistrate Martin.

And the Magistrate made what seems to me to be a very wise statement when he said: 'No officer is entitled to have these facts given to him by the ordinary citizen walking along the street. This is my interpretation of freedom.

Some police officers have the notion that as soon as they join the force and are supplied with a gun, a pair of handcuffs and a billy they are entitled to poke their noses in anybody's affairs anytime.

This is not true but the impression is there nevertheless. And in many cases, the law helps to foster this impression.

Police are given very wide discretion under the law to enter dwellings, commandeer assistance or question suspects when they are in pursuit of a criminal or a person suspected of being a criminal.

In fact, the police can always dream up some charge to lay against a citizen if they want to hold him in custody. And as a free citizen, I don't like these spurious charges, laid merely to hold a person until the coppers can get around to deciding whether to lay a more serious charge.

And the average citizen considers it simply too much bother to argue the point with the police officers when they accost him. If he

does stand on his rights, he finds he is left open to incovenience at best or a court appearance at worst.

Suppose you are walking down your street on your way home at night. A police cruiser pulls up. One of the officers motions you to come over (they never seem to get out themselves). He says: "Where are you going?"

Now the answer to that is: "Officer that is wholly and completely none of your business. Thank God, this is still a free country and the citizen is permitted to pursue his normal and legal customs and activities without answering to any law enforcement agency whatever."

That sounds like a fine speech and if you made it the officer would say: "I'm taking you to the station."

Going to the police station isn't a waste of time for the policeman. He's working anyway. He might just as well take you to the station as spend his time driving around in a cruiser.

But you don't want to go to the station. You want to go home. You know that the police can waste an hour of your time if they want to be nasty about it and might, if you get too vociferous, lay a charge of "vagrancy" or "causing public mischief" or one of those other catchall charges of which the police are so fond.

And faced with this prospect, the average citizen does the craven thing. He gives his name and says he is only going home and says it politely and rather apologetically

But it's good for a change to hear about some citizen who isn't so compliant. And maybe his example will be an inspiration to a few others to stand on their rights, too."

I sincerely appreciate the manner in which Magistrate Martin handled this case. I am also very grateful to see that this citizen stood up for his rights and a Magistrate that concurred with the views of the defendant. Here in Magistrate Martin we find a man of unusual foresight, one who not only was a gallant leader of men in the world conflict from 1939 to 1945, in the fight for freedom, but now that he is in a position to, be upholds the freedom he thought worthwhile fighting for. I can't help but wonder; what would have been the verdict if this case had been brought forth in front of some other jurist?

Immediately upon arrest the majority of Magistrate's courts—upon finding that the accused has a previous conviction—adopt an attitude that says, "the responsibility of proving yourself innocent rests with you, the accused; rather than with the police proving you guilty."

Why do the courts persist in adhering to this principle? When will they come to realize that their duties are not only to assist the law enforcement agency, but also, to protect the individual citizen that appears before them? Do they treat people with previous convictions, in the same manner as those without, in other words, are the courts impartial? Do the courts accept their duties in protecting the innocent? Do they always give the accused THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT? these questions intrigue me.

READABLE REPRINTS . . .

The world belongs to women. When a man is born, people ask how his mother is. When he gets married, people explain: "Isn't the bride sweet!" When he is dead, people ask: "How much did he leave her?"

J. G. Domergue

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

Adam & Eve must surely have been Soviet Citizens — they were naked, the fruit they ate was forbidden but nevertheless they thought they were in paradise.

A. Koesler

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

A money-lender. He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future.

Addison

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

At the age of sixty, to marry a beautiful girl of sixteen is to imitate those ignorant people who buy books to be read by their friends.

Ricard

OUR 4%

With all the Penal Press of our great continent constantly striving to better conditions for those serving sentences, and also with the man who has served his sentence and returned to outside society in view, we meet one stumbling block. The man, either inmate or released man, the one in twenty five, the stubborn unthinking, doltish recalcitrant. The privilege loser, the parole violator, the one who, if matches were permitted would somehow manage to have a lighter. Or if lighters were the permitted form of ignition, would make it a point to carry matches.

We feel 4% covers adequately the type we have mentioned above. We could name hundreds of his little habits. His disregard for others, his lack of common sense. His constant grumbling, conniving, angling but why go on, you have met the type.

The Editorial staff of a Penal Magazine meet them daily. They have a million and one suggestions on how to bring changes into the Penal System. They know all about parole boards, tickets of leave and how remission boards should operate.

Of course you hear them out politely, some of them insist you make notes on what they are saying. What else can you do but follow along and listen? If you failed to, well, all Dale Carnegie's efforts would be for nought.

So we come to some thoughts on Penal Reform, please observe, we too have thoughts on the subject. Through the years progress has been made to ease the burden of serving time. We have radio programs, libraries, hobbycraft, alcoholic's anonymous groups, and organized sport programs.

We have the benefits of representation by an inmate committee, this takes care of our inside problems. But, again we have the unhappy and troublesome 4%, boy oh boy, do they ever make a committee-man's life a misery!

We have tobacco and cigarette papers, twenty years ago this would have been unheard of, illegal, pampering, and a hundred other donts, ifs and buts. Look around you at your 4%, borrowing smokes, stealing tobacco, and generally doing all they can to abuse the privilege.

Radio privileges, think back on the times one of our 4% have tampered with their earphones and caused a short on the complete circuit. Thus depriving 30 or so men of their evening pleasure.

Library privileges, need I mention the number of times we have reached the climax in a story and found pages 320-321 and 322 gone missing. The cute tricks of good old 4%.

Much progress has been made, and much more is looked forward to. Maybe not during our period of incarceration, but the man following you will benefit.

Progress, yes it is slow, but consider a strictly hypothetical case. All of a sudden the authorities decide to establish a brand new prison. No walls no bars, no cell doors, no guards. The inmates could choose their own garb, eat when and what they want. They could have visits from anyone they wished and unsupervised. How long before your good old trusty 4% made the bilding of walls not only a real need but a definite necessity?

And the rest follows naturally, they (the 4%) would strive unconsciously and diligently to have guards deployed at strategic points. Once more meal hours would be instituted, clothes would of course be standardized and can you imagine what would happen to those visits?

Brother "time-mate" we can hear you now, as you read these lines, cursing us for this, an attempt to clarify the position of 96% of us. Have it out, get it out of your system, you, we shall have no complaint from, but our "like the poor they are always with us" 4%, tomorrow we shall hear from them. The plague of locusts will look small compared to them hammering at our door. Oh yes, twill be they (the 4%) who will do all the screaming about this little article.

Tickets of leave and longer paroles, have you given a thought to the 4% in this category, instead of criticizing the Remission Board? Well they figure here too, out of 916 inmates released on parole last year, how many defaulted, correct, a mere 4% or 39. Very small you say, so do I, but had they not violated the parole they sought so earnestly, how many more could have gone this year?

Oh yes, something I forgot, it would be really wonderful and enlightening to find out how many changes in paroles and how many privileges are held in abeyance by the authorities. All through fear of the, yes, the 4%.

We see what goes on, day after day, the earnest "time-mate" who lives the rules by the book. The lad who realizes he needs a trade, and goes about getting a vocational course in the trade of his choice. The chap, pouring over his correspondence course, night after night, in an attempt to better his chance of employment on release. All these different categories, sincerely attempting to do something toward their rehabilitation, and the 4%, doing his miserable best to retard everyone's efforts, whether knowingly or unknowingly.

So, Dear 4%, instead of trying to impress everyone of your smartness, or your toughness, in the way you at present are doing it, how about acting intelligently for a few weeks, it can be habit forming. A very nice habit at that.

Thus we, the Penal Press, strive to show the patient people outside how the majority attempt to straighten out and live by rules, despite the efforts of our 4%. So please gentle reader, when next you hear of someone violating a parole, or causing a disturbance, remember, its *good OLD* 4%.

To close this we reprint from The Monthly Record what we think might support these thoughts on the 4% Inmate.

HOW TO BE POPULAR IN PRISON

Cry on everybody's shoulder. Why should you do your own time. Your neighbor won't mind doing it for you....much.

The world is wrong; you're right. Advertise the fact often and loud and you'll attract... flies.

Never fail to say something bad about the other fellow. Your audience, if any, will know it's their turn next.

Put in for an interview every two or three days. The Officials will appreciate your nuisance value. And your fellow inmates will know you're a "good fellow"...to stay away from.

Leave five or six slices of bread on the table. Your neighbor will get them second hand next meal. He'll like that.

Never fail to have a good beef on tap. Spring it at every opportunity. Your neighbor will want to pat you on the back...with a spade. Cry hard!

Don't tell the truth to anybody...ever. Tell them what you had and what you were...outside. The fellows will be sorry that you're here ...you clutter up, the place.

Whistle early in the morning and off key. What your neighbors wishes you, shouldn't happen to a dog.

Never fail to scrape your bucket or chair on the floor. The man below will know that you were raised in the barn.

Never fail to tell all and sundry how smart you are. They'll never know the difference... the dopes.

Be different. Don't conform to the rules. You can have your company redhot all the time. Everybody'll wish you were in...well, not here.

Don't do your share of work. Let the other fellow "carry" you. Serves him right...the dummy.

Never give your neighbor a smile or a decent word. Snarl and snap. He'll be able to guess your ancestry right away.

Don't keep your cell clean. After all it's your castle; you should be comfortable...and so should your livestock.

Be sure to bob up and down in your seat when attending any of the shows. This will greatly endear you to those located behind.

Skip a bath whenever possible. It'll make you strong.

A person who acts poorly to authority is helped to get over it by learning how his attitudes originated. If he realizes that the habit of reacting with resentment and hostility belongs to circumstances in his past life, he will have less difficulty in freeing himself from it. It will also help him learn to develop a good reaction if he contemplates the effects of various attitudes which a person may have toward those or others in authority.

From Times Magazine (Joliet, Stateville)

JANUARY INTERVIEW with PROFESSOR A B STRACT

(B.T.O., M.B.B.R.A., F.C.B.G.C.)



THE Old Professor opened our office door with a hearty laugh he strode in with the greeting (and I am going to write phonetically) "Yak sha myish, tovarich".

Under his arm he had three fat volumes, and using an old trick I learned in the army, namely reading upside down I made out the titles; Russian made easy. Surgery at home. Escape methods of the great Houdini. So you can plainly see he is a connoisseur of literature.

My opening remark was, "What have you this month for our eagerly awaiting public, Professor?"

"Three inventions my boy, three terrific, earthshaking, colossal and terrific aids to everyday life. Yes, we shall start the new year by making life easiier for everyone."

"But first, did you know I have three offers for my last month's idea, the one dealing with Christmas trees. One man in New York wants to install one in the Empire State Building. One offer from Moscow, wanting details on the whole plan, thus I am studying the Russian language. And the third is an offer from some guy who signs himself King Farouk and wants the world agency rights."

I jogged the Profs. mind a bit, brought him back to earth and away he went with. "My first idea for this month is packaged holidays. Do it at home sort of thing, think of the many busy business men who have no time to take a long vacation. Here is how we do the whole thing."

"Supposing the man wants a holiday in Tahiti, good, we take over his garden, have twenty tons of white sand dumped in the garden lot. We plant twenty or thirty palm trees, and send five or six dancing girls from Tahiti by air to his home. Tahitian orchestras of any size could be included in the deal at a price. Think of the time a man could save. No rushing to and from air ports, no long steamship journeys, what do you think my boy?"

"And further, dear editor, there is a newcomer in our midst, and he has an idea of dehydrating people, what possibilities, we could package complete island populations and mail them in small cartons. They arrive at the home of the person who has no time for a south sea island vacation, he puts them in water, and presto, there is your do it yourself vacation, right at home.

"My next invention is a happy helper for hurried housewives." The Prof. went on. "No more back aches from heavy vacuum cleaners, brooms or other dusting cleaning gadgets. The carpet, is wall to wall of course, and at each end of the room there is a slot in the floor. This slot is right at the base board. It does not show, under the floor is a room length roller, hung on the wall, much like the old roller towel. However it is laid flat, of course to do one room, it takes double the amount of carpet. But with the increased demand for broadloom carpeting the cost of broadloom will come down. The rollers are actuated by electric motors, and across the centre of the underneath side of the rug there is a rug width vacum arrangement. The rug is dusty, "Voila". the pretty, well dressed houswife pushes a switch, the rug revolves, whilst revolving it is thoroughly cleaned and vacumed. Can you imagine the relief, say, some sunday morning, the house frau looks out the picture window, up the walk comes aunt Clarabella and Uncle Beauregard. You know what the average living room is like on sunday morning, particularly if the worshippers of the crushed grape have been turning on the loud wassail the eve before. She pushes the button, presto, the room is returned to carpet clean newness, you of course can dump the ash trays on the carpet.

Everything goes, papers, beer tops, no fuss, no worry."

I ventured to ask about furniture, the Prof. put my mind at ease at once. Firmly grasping the cloth table cover we use on our filing cabinet in both hands,he jerked sharply, leaving ash tray, fish bowl and various books resting safely atop, upright on the cabinet. "Speed you idiot, this is an age of automation, speed does it."

"The third invention is a dilly, how do you like that word, I picked it up from a crazy mixed up teen-ager. Yes the third invention is really a wow, it's a home telephone answering device. Here is how it works, the phone rings, the ringing of the bell actuates a switch, this switch turns on a circuit, your phone is lifted high enough to make the connection. A small record says, Hello, Mr. Pinhead is not home, will you leave a message please? All this time a tape recorder has been running, the caller repeats his message and when you return there is a record of all your calls. Some of them sound strange, some make very interesting listening, but once we educate people to their use think of the saving.'"

"Well I must run along now, I am trying to start a class on Cossack dancing, a chap named Sack is willing to act as an instructor. See you next month, by then I shall be able to carry the interview on in Russian.

The Twelve Steps Of An A.A.

Who was and who remains an alcoholic.

1—Stated I could hold my liquor, and was master of my life.

2—Believe I was sane and rational in every respect, respect, respect.

3—Decided to run my life and be successful in all my (hic) undertakings.

4—Made thorough and searching inventory of my fellow-man and found him lacking.

5—Admitted to no one, including God and myself, that there was anything wrong with me.

6—Sought through alcohol to remove my responsibilities and try to escape from the realities of life.

7—Got drunk to remove the shortcomings.

8—Made a list of all persons who had harmed me, whether real or imaginary, and swore to get even.

9—Got even whenever possible, except when to do so would further injure me (some of them were bigger than me.)

10—Continued to find fault with the world and the people in it, and when I was right, promptly admitted it.

11—Sought through lying, cheating and stealing to improve myself materially at the expense of my fellow-man, asking only for the means to get drunk and stay drunk.

12—After having a complete moral and physical and financial break-down as a result of this kind of living, I tried to drag those who were dear to me down to my level and practised these reasonings in all my affairs.

Reprinted from The "AGENDA" State Penitentiary of Walla Walla.)

TWICE MET



THERE is an old saying: "You meet everyone twice." And the longer I live, the more credence I place in this homely. If you will bear with me, I shall tell you of a very unusual coincidence.

In 1937 I was enroute from Mexico City to Acapulco, in the latter town I intended to live. I had left Canada with full intentions of never returning to my native land. No, don't get the idea there was any unlawful reason for my change of terrain, I had an idea the semi-tropics were the ideal place to live. However, as time went on I changed my mind.

Having in my possession some letters of introduction to various people on the way, I had stayed a day and one night in a town of great beauty, Cuernavaca by name. A friend had given me a letter to a fellow Canadian in this town, a hotel owner and promoter.

You know how it is when two Canadians meet away from home, so it was. In the evening we had a leisure dinner, Mexican style, during which I noticed a tall, blond chap of roughly my own age eating alone. Bernard Mallory, the man I was eating with didn't know the stranger; so other than seeing him in the dining room, that was it.

I left early the following morning and, roughly fourty kilometres on my way, ahead of me I noticed a car in the ditch. I braked to a stop to offer what aid I could. The owner of the ditched vehicle proved to be the chap I had noticed in the dining room.

I asked in English if I could help; he shrugged his shoulders and, with a heavy guttural accent spoke in English: "I swung my car to miss a burro, and here is where I finished up; if you have a rope we may put her back on the road."

We laboured for half an hour and succeeded in putting his car back on the highway, with no other damage than a dented front fender. During our combined labours I found he was a German student touring Mexico on his vacation.

This was my introduction to Paul Langner; we continued our trip as a two car convoy. He was going to Acapulco as well, so we spent one day in the silver town of Taxco and the balance of the trip we made in easy fashion.

I had a letter to a Mexican, also a hotel owner in Acapulco, Alfonso Villavaso, later to become a firm friend of mine. Nothing to it but I check in at his hotel, the Jardin. Paul registered also, and we became a threesome.

We fished, Alfonso, Paul and I, we made the rounds together. Alfonso (Pancho by nickname) knew all the places to go, everyone to see and the right places to eat and drink. His women friends were legion in number, and with one thing and another we managed to amuse ourselves.

For three months Paul was the life of the party, others in the town grew to respect him, and his Spanish improved rapidly. Along with my lessons in everyday Spanish we exchanged words in English and German. He, adding to his store of English, me starting a reservoir of German words, never dreaming of ever having a use for them, and to my amazement, the German tongue came easily to me.

Well, Paul's vacation ended, he shipped aboard a German freighter outward bound from Acapulco to Germany, via the Panama Canal. It was the most natural thing in the world, the party we had on his last evening in Mexico, the ship's captain, and a few of the other officers attended. Tequila, habanero, mescal, the whole list of mexican potables went the way of distilled drinks. Germans, Mexicans, one Turkish subject and a lone Canadian citizen pledged undying friendship. We sang each others national anthems, and the goodbyes were said in a real babel of tongues. Huh, mice and men.

For two years I plugged along on the west coast, made a few pesos here, a few American dollars there, all and all an easy life. A few

disappointments a few pleasant investments. Plenty of good friends, and no worries.

I suppose, looking back, my first unrest began on a trip to Mexico City. On the mountains, in clear view from my hotel window, was clear, pure, white snow. There must be something either chemical or spiritual in a man that remains with him, some small gadget, that will never let him forget his native land. Something is there no matter where he transplants himself, though he travel half way around the globe, there is this something. In me, suddenly was born the desire to see, feel and be close to snow again, what kind of madness is this, I wondered.

Snow, that stuff, once it has lain around for a few days the glamour is gone, nothing beautiful about dirty old slush, wet feet, winter chest colds and all the rest of the unpleasant accoutrements of winter.

I returned to the coast, but now the tropics had lost something. I was constantly comparing Palm Trees to our own pines, cedars and others to me, stronger and healthier trees. A longing to enjoy an open fireplace took hold of me, now the homing instinct in birds was understandable. The Irishman's nostalgic talk of his Emerald Isle was at last sensible.

But I had a small investment in a new enterprise, two attempts to liquidate proved unfruitful. Nothing to it but hang tough, I did.

In September 1939 the real excuse came, yes, when war happened upon us the excuse, long awaited presented itself. Back to Canada in a hurry, and my enlistment in the Canadian Army followed.

Years piled up, some good, some bad, but what do you expect from war, eventually after many adventures, some trivial, some amusing, some could come under the heading of big, I found myself in Germany.

It was in Germany's Reichwald, a large section of forest used as part of the Siegfried line defense system. Our troops of self propelled guns had been doing close support work with the Queen's Own Rifles, an Infantry Regiment from Toronto.

One afternoon, part of the attack centered around a farm-house, Jerry had two Panzers, of the Tiger variety holding the house. Fortunately we knocked one out in a hurry, the other in his frenzied rush to leave the area, threw one of his tracks off. Result we nailed two German tanks, not a bad half day's work.

The Infantry rounded up the living members of the two harmless armoured vehicles, by now, our sister troop was with us, ready to leap-frog into our place. Our fuel and ammunitions was reaching the point where we needed the service of ammo and fuel truck, so we took up a position in reserve. Naturally we fell back on the farm house as our reserve point, farms mean, pigs, chickens, cows and other incidentals.

Company headquarters of the Queen's Own by now had set up shop in the farm house, so we took over a barn to wait.

We decided to get some sort of a meal together in the few hours we had, but before we had a chance to get our feet under a table, you guessed it, we had to move. Jerry had started a counter attack, and here I met up with disaster, a machine gun slug terminated my line time.

How long I remained unconcious I do not know or care, however upon awakening I found myself staring up at a life size crucifix. This is it I thought, and oh boy, what a chance you have of getting through the gate.

Finally a nursing sister arrived and from her I learned I was in a Cathedral in Holland, they were using it as a casualty clearing station, I felt much better.

I was given a change of dressings and moved to another building for trans-shipment. In the room in which they placed my stretcher there were other litters on the floor, awaiting ambulances.

To my surprise, a voice from the next stretcher spoke: "Hello Chuck, how are you?"

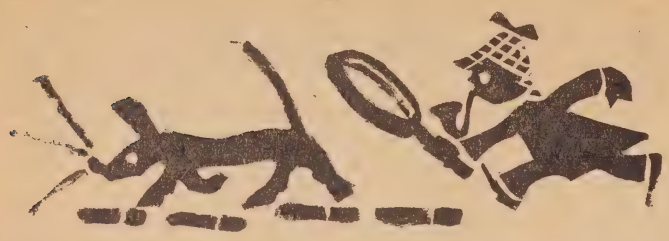
Twisting sideways, and finally getting a clear view of the speaker, to my surprise there was Paul Langner, my friend of eight years ago.

He had been wounded in the same action as I; we talked for awhile, the conversation disclosed he was a Major of S.S. Infantry. For some reason my hatred did not extend to him, our chat was short lived, medical bearers entered and removed him to a waiting truck.

I journeyed by train to Ghent in Belgium, when I was up and around, a few discreet inquiries failed to get me any further information on Paul.

Eventually I returned to my own outfit, and here too I made a few trips to P.O.W. cages, to try and locate my old friend, but no luck.

And so it is, "You meet everyone twice" or do you think so?



KAMPUS KWEERIES

by "The Marshall"

Dearest Marshall:-

"Whoops my Dear" all the boys around here wave their hankies at me, no matter where I am, and, dearie, I am so upset; how do I go about stopping this???

Affectionately, Jacque / (line)

Listen You:-

Up to this writing and your letter, my reputation around C.B. has been very good; very upright and considered a good honest crook, along comes you with your "Dearest" "Dearie" and to top it off you end your problem "Affectionately"; from this moment guess I will have to wear a Frankenstein mask to avoid the humiliation you "You Noxema Queen" have caused me.

Just what do you want me to do? Have the change room Officer issue the boys with nice new white sheets, they are much larger than hankerchiefs. Let me tell you something: you love it and don't deny it.

If while in the corridors and in the exercise yard you would walk and not do the Marylin Munroe strut; first of all you pipsqueak "Ya gotta have height", Ah, what's the use, you have to have everything you haven't got, and a lot more besides.

Now I know why they made you a second Lieutenant, you were too young to be a Private. Just remember, me dear Fake Face that the most popular shades for this coming spring will be the ones left up in girls bedrooms. Please do not write to me again — come in person.

Whoopee — Marshall.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

I have a problem. After roving the seven seas, have found my last Port of call is Collin's Bay, what I want to know is what ship can I board? and on leaving Collin's Bay what body of water will I hit first? Your advice, please, Sir. Signed: Ex-Salt.

Dear Middie (Midshipman this is)

"Avast", lay to "pipe the funnel to the fore deck" reverse your forward stern light, slow the gab and quietly tell me why you wrote the Skipper instead of me the Petty Officer; you me lad will swing a dry mop, may be I can arrange to have you keel-hauled.

You came aboard the C.B. from the far east and none of the crew aboard the old reliable C.B. will brook any of your nonsense so just stow the idea that you will make Purser's ticket during your stay aboard. It has been noted that your trying to take away the rating of our main blank in the Laundry section; it is possible you rate the No. 2 blank position; cleaning the revolving bilge tanks requires long service, so stay aft and keep your jib shut.

By looking at you one would never know that you had been through all you told me: the day you were Captain of the heads, the story you told me of your greatest adventure at sea....

The Old Man had spliced the main brace in traditional fashion and an extra tot of rum had been eagerly accepted by the entire ship's company, with of course, the customary exception of the stokers' mess where they always stuck strickly to canned papaya juice. Besides the H.M. Dockyard had sent aboard 17 useless torpedo men, yes, you had no torpedoes.

According to rumours below decks started by an asdic rating, this run was to be only a joy ride —Halifax—to—Newfie—Reykjavick to Derry, in short the pipe of: All hands to supper found things in a heck of a mess, though the mess was often called worse than that.

Then came the morning you tied up at Balbo (hey, Middie he's dead) the whole crew got shore leave and after you got the dishes washed, you went ashore "ah good old Panama", up Bolivar St (he's dead too) you went until you got to Mame Kelly's; in you go, right up to the bar. Iquano Pete was bartender that day; he took one look at you and hollered back of the bar "Hey, Pedro, smash open a coconut and bring the milk for junior", then he tossed you out. You met the Senorita, what a dish she was, but looking you over she called her brother Hermano who came along pushing a perambulator; they put you in it and showed you the town, there went your Do peso's, a good time was had by all.

Now Middie, batten down your forward hatch, and listen, we know all about that round the

world tour, because one of our reporters saw you turning in a Copy of National Geographic. This Ship the C.B. is just loaded with sailors, sometime you want to ask the Editor how he and his men took the Anzio Beach Head in a Peterborough 16 foot Birch Bark less an outboard motor! That story will whiver your timbers, stow your marlin spike lad, you'll go ashore a real sailor, some time in the future.

Bilge Pump Marshall.

Dear Marshall:-

They call me a D.P.—I was born in Quebec, do you think that they might deport me after my term is up?

Signed: Next Door.

Dear Next door (to what)

It is very obnoxious to read about a fellow inmate being called a D.P. for I too am a Displaced Person (I shouldn't be here) but you and I have been removed from society, therefore we are D.P's.

As for your being born in Quebec a most unfortunate incident, you should have objected from the beginning, but be consoled by the fact that Ontario has a wonderful "Policia Nationale"; they proved that by the fact that you are in Collin's Bay.

Your name — next door — does not sound a bit french, but guess your father after taking one good look at your smiling puss, thought that's where you should be. "Oh, well N.D." cheer up, one of these days one of the boys will take a liking to yoy, then you will have a good name.

Take my advice, be a good boy and when you get out of C.B. you can apply for citizenship in Ontario, in that way you can fool them. Do your safecracking and high jacking in Quebec and when you're caught, you can demand to be sent back here in C.B.

By the way, before I forget, who are you going to vote for? Mister Duplessis or Maurice "Rocket" Richard?

Oh Wise Marshall:-

What is this we hear about you getting peeled of $300.00 on the Avenue in Toronto?

Signed: Nosey.

Dear Mr. Nosey:-

Please, not in my column, come up to the office.

Silent Marshall.

Just a few lines from the MARSHALL to say *HAPPY NEW YEAR and Best Wishes.*

At this time I also wish to invite each and everyone of you to use this column, not in a nonsenical way, but in a serious vein.

I feel I can answer all your questions, if not by research through the volumes available to me, then by other channels.

Thank you Signed: Serious Marshall.

When a man imagines, even after years of striving, that he has attained perfection, his decline begins.

Theodore Martin

* * * *

The reason there were fewer wrecks in the old horse-and-buggy days, was because the driver didn't depend wholly on his own intelligence.

* * * *

Nobody talks so constantly about God as those who insist that there is no God.

Heywood Brown

* * * *

When angry, count four; when very angry, swear.

Mark Twain

FROM US TO YOU K. P.

The fellows over at Collin's Bay Penitentiary wish to compliment the men in Kingston Penitentiary for their grand effort for the Orphans of Kingston.

The programme was avidly received, and for the whole length of the show, silence reigned on ranges and in dormitories.

From us to you, congratulations on a grand job.

The Break I Got From Prison

By C.A. Ward
President, Brown & Bigelow St. Paul, Minnesota.

(Condensed from —GUIDEPOSTS)

A MURDERER tends my garden. An executive in my company has a prison record for robbery. One of the best foreman in my factory was once wanted by the Police of eight states. Hundreds of my employees —and my friends—could tell you anything you want to know about life in a penitentiary.

I could tell you myself. Like many of the people who work with me here at Brown & Bigelow, I am an ex-convict.

Prison marks a man. **He goes there to pay the debt for the crime** he committed against society, but when his term ends **society rarely gives him a paid-in-full receipt.** Nobody wants him the only route open for him leads back to crime. I know; it almost happened to me.

At 17, I decided I wanted to see the world. I quit High school and ran away from my Seattle home. The years rushed by. I became a sailor; I drove an Arctic dog team; I panned for gold in Alaska; I was a captain in Pancho Villa's army in Mexico.

They were hectic years — rough years, and inescapably they often took me to the fringe of the underworld. But just the fringe. I soon learned, however, that even this can be too close.

In 1919, I was arrested in Denver for possessing narcotics. I'd never had anything to do with narcotics. But nobody believed me; my vagabond life was too flavored with fringe adventures to defend my innocence. Convicted of the charge, I was sent to Leavenworth.

Certainly I had plenty of reasons to be bitter. I was, in underworld language, framed. But now I often wonder if actually I was framed by God. Because at Leavenworth, I got the one thing prisoners rarely get—a break!

My break came from my cell-mate. Herbert Huse Bigelow was serving a term for income tax evasion. We worked together in the electric shop of Leavenworth Penitentiary. I liked the work and eventually became the chief electrician. Also, I decided that I would not let the fact that I was unjustly imprisoned embitter me, and to keep myself occupied I volunteered for extra work.

Herbert Bigelow worked with me on several of the projects. We became good friends. He was released ahead of me, and when he left he offered me a job at the St. Paul company of which he was president.

At first I considered the offer to be that 'break' most convicts dream about. But then, one day at prison chapel services, I heard about another man who had received a break.

His name was Dismas. Nobody knows to-day what crimes he committed — maybe only one crime, or maybe he was unjustly convicted. Whatever happened, he was crucified for it. Two other men were crucified the same night, and as they were dying Dismas, recognizing the Man in the middle as Divine, called:

"Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom."

And Jesus answered: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

So Dismas got his break.

I had never before thought of religion in terms of myself. Now I wondered. Who knows? Maybe Dismas and I had a lot in common.

Later, thinking about the story, I looked at the men around me. I knew how badly they wanted a break. I had mine, from Herbert Bigelow. I made up my mind then that someday I'd give another convict a break.

In 1924, I went to work for Herbert Bigelow at $25.00 a week. I wanted to prove to him that he hadn't misjudged me, so I worked hard. Working hard, I received regular promotions. Nine years later I was general manager of the firm. When Herbert Bigelow died in 1933, I was chosen president of the company.

But I didn't wait until then to fulfill the promise I had made to myself. As soon as I was in a position to have a voice in employment matters, I got in touch with men I knew in prison—men I knew deserved a break—and I offered them jobs.

In time, that promise to myself became company policy, as we grew from 728 employees in 1933 to more than 6,500 today. Through the years more than 300 men and a score of women, all ex-convicts, have gone to work here at Brown & Bigelow upon their release from prison. Many of them were paroled to me. A few of these men

and women have earned executive jobs with the company. Others have remained loyal and hard-working factory workers for as long as 20 years.

We have not coddled them. Outside of giving them the chance to hold a decent jjob, the only other extra benefit they get is that we forget their past.

On our staff is Frank W. Sommers, a former Secret Service man, United States marshall and St. Paul police chief. Through his many contacts at prisons across the country, he locates men and women who need and deserve the kind of break we are able to give them.

All kinds of criminals have come to us. Believing in them, we help them to look forward, whatever they have done. Thus I have no worries about the murderer who works on my farm, tending the garden where my three children play. Everyone knows what he **has done**, but everyone believes in what he **is doing**. Trust must be a full-hearted thing, for YOU CANNOT HELP A MAN TOWARD WHOM YOU HAVE RESERVATIONS!

After all, when Dismas asked for his break, he was not cross-examined.

He got it!

The help I've been able to give ex-convicts is no crusade. But a crusade I do have, and it is this:

I'd like to see many more employers realize it is not beneath their dignity to help those who have transgressed. **Rehabilitation** of a man is **accomplished** on the **outside, not** on the **inside** of a prison wall.

Often I think of the night Dismas and Jesus hung on crosses of a prison wall. Another man was crucified with them, but he was too close to death, spiritually and physically, to recognize the divine redemption that was so near to him.

How different his end might have been if, earlier in his life, someone had enlightened him on the mercy of God and the compassion of men, simply by saying:

"Come on, let me give YOU a break."



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



OHIO NEWS **(Ohio State)** Change of staff up here now; we enjoy your efforts very much, enjoyed your small mention of new prisons in Greece. Keep it up, we promise not to pick you to pieces.

THE INSIDE STORY **Tennessee State)** Your November issue was thoroughly read by all and greatly enjoyed, your article "Bars and Stripes" was really something. We also agree with your feature Know your Officials, yes Sir!

THE MONTHLY RECORD **(Connecticut State** More penal press should run their Editorials as you do on topics that are seasonal. We enjoyed your St. Dismas, especially your reference to him as the hoodlum Saint. After all we like to feel our heroes or idols have something of the ruman in them. Keep it coming to us.

THE COLONY **(Massachusettes States)** You have a nice little publication. The "destiny of man" caught our eye, say Muy Bueno to John O'Leary for us, Por Favor.

DUTY CALL **(San Diego Cal.)** May your magazine last the same number of years as your Marine Corps, and have as good a reputation as it enjoys at present. We receive and get great satisfaction from it.

HAWKEYE **(Iowa State)** Furloughs for convicts, really fine reprint, in our mind a good reprint is worth as much as an original. Repetition, of something good is always beneficial. The Dangers of Innocence has some really notable facts. Keep it up.

THE MESSENGER **(South Dakota State)** What a cover on your fall issue and the inside of your publication lives up to your attractive cover. A real effort and appreciated up here.

AGRICOLA **(Ohio State)** Nothing but praise for your November issue, your mention of an act of heroism is good, we repeat, good penal press.

BEACON **(New Brunswick.)** Greetings, plenty of good luck in your endeavours. Your substitute editorial carries quite a unique suggestion, put my name down for the Legion, if we ever form one.

ISLAND LANTERN **(Steilacoon, Wash.)** We liked your Editor's Ramblings, good sport page and "So Shall He Be" by E.D. Soderstram.

AGRICOLA **(London, Ohio)** "Voices from within", we agree whole heartedly and may we say we look forward to your next issue.

SPOKESMAN **(Georgia State)** Readers and Writers by Alexander Applegate, we have the same problem up here. Everyone has ideas, but no one wants to put em down on paper.

Paahao Press **(Honolulu 1, Hawaii)** Your covers are unusual and we think you have a great variety in your publications. So many of your articles are in common with our's. Keep sending it to us.



Show Business...

SUNDAY, December the 11th. was a notable day in Collin's Bay.

Mr. Harry Birchall, our genial choir master and organist, arranged a Christmas concert party for the inmates. And never before have we seen such high calibre, fast moving and scintillating entertainment in the Bay. Mr. Birchall, although by now he should know the warm place we have for him in our hearts, must have been reassured by the applause from his host of friends in the audience.

We, the inmates have a great feeling for Mr. Birchall, and even our newest arrivals soon know who he is. A smile for everyone, and never at a loss for a joke, and again a million thanks to our Mr. Birchall for a grand concert party.

The lighting was arranged by Mr. Fred Bendell of 533 North Alfred St., Kingston, assisted by Mr. Bert Taylor. Mr. Bendell is always ready to loan a mass of equipment to us. The inmates of the Bay appreciate Mr. Bendell's generous gesture; it not only entails an array of expensive equipment, but he gives freely of his time and efforts. Mr. Bendell and Mr. Taylor, we say Thank you for your interest in us.

Our Deputy Warden, Mr. D. M. McLean introduced Mr. Barry Stafford, an alderman from Kingston as the Master of Ceremonies. Mr. McLean enjoyed quite a hand from the audience and then turned the concert over to Mr. Stafford. Mr. Stafford is no stranger to the Bay population, and we shall extend him a general vote of thanks right now. Thank you, Mr. B. Stafford from the bottom of our hearts.

So, away we go, the band was composed of Mr. Don Macallum (Piano), Mr. Mac McVeigh (Trumpet), Mr. Harry MacDonald (Alto-Sax.), Mr. Bill Hill (Tenor Sax.), Mr. Art Shergold (Drums). They opened with the perennial favourite "Stardust", from this to Basin Street, and topped the group off with September Song.

The above mentioned gentlemen are part of the orchestra from the famous local hotel La Salle. Their renditions were beautifully executed and the applause left no doubt in anyone's minds just how good they are. At this point we extend thanks from the entire population.

Miss. Avril Atkinson, in a diminutive Santa Claus Suit, took over from the band and entertained with a dance routine par excellence. Miss Avril is a high school student, and a student of dance, under the tuition of Evelyn McDonald. Miss Atkinson possesses great natural grace and charm. We are sure we shall hear more of this charming and talented student. Miss Atkinson, may we say thank you and wish you success in whatever field of endeavour you may choose to follow.

Miss Annabella Innes, a vocalist was next, and the opportunity of hearing this exceptional voice is a compensation for being here in the Bay. Miss Innes sang first: It's a lovely day; no one could do such credit to a lovely song. The second number was song in my heart, words fail me, however we are sure Mary Martin, our favourite has been replaced by Miss Innes, thank you.

Now Miss Innes was joined by her sister Roberta to form a duo; their first number was a song entitled Sisters, after the applause died down they presented us with: Humming Bird. To the Misses Innes, our hats are off, we say many thanks to two enchanting and talented young ladies. Miss Lenore Black very ably supplied the accompaniment on the piano. Thank you Miss Black.

Mr. Stafford next introduced Miss Margaret Jean Anderson, an 11 year old scots lass, holder of many scottish dance titles. Miss Anderson was accompanied by her father, Major Anderson M.C. on the bag-pipes. Graceful highland dances were given by this young lady, and to judge by the applause, many of our audience must have a touch of the thistle in them. To Miss Anderson and her gallant father, thank you.

Next came a soft shoe dance by Miss Sandra O'Kane, an 8 year old, also a student of Evelyn McDonald. Miss O'Kane stole our hearts.

She is a real trouper, and gave a more than creditable performance; Miss O'Kane, from the bottom of our hearts, for bringing a spot of brightness into us. thanks.

Mr. Stafford introduced another young lady, Miss Wendy O'Kane, sister to Sandra. She is 11 years old and put on an acrobatic dance routine of an excellence, these O'Kanes are talented; Miss Wendy from us to you, an orchid. And to the accompanist, by piano, Miss Lornen Macrae, an orchid and thanks.

The band came back on the scene with "White Christmas", Dixie Downbeat and Indiana Blues. Boy, what a collection of musicians, right there all the way. To Mr. Gilbert Snowden, of the Musician"s Union, thanks for your permission.

Alphonse McHugh was presented to us. Mr. McHugh needs no introduction; a grand, easy, effortless mellow and entrancing voice. He opened with: Birthday of a King, swing into an Irish Ballad, and finished with Glory Road, dramatic and to us deeply touching. Will you accept our thanks, Mr McHugh, and Miss Black for your piano accompinement, Muchos Gracias, Merci Beaucoup and thanks a million.

Darlene McDonald gave a dance interpretaton of Tweedle dee, whee, what a dance, Syd Clarisse, please take note, Miss McDonald, Multi Gratia.

Mr. MacIntosh, a Kingstonian, and Canadian Red Cross representative said a few words on the work of the Red Cross Blood Bank; he was very well received and enjoyed a wonderful round of applause.

Next came a soft shoe routine by Miss Pearl Gurnsey of Wolfe Island, a business College Student, cleverly executed, graceful comes to my mind as I write, and fits Miss Gurnsey. A toast to a clever and elflike dancer Miss, thanks thanks a million.

Rhonda Tisdale and Evelyn McDonald did a duo entitled, A feller and his Girl, this was a fluorescent costume number, very effective and unique. With a talented teacher like Evelyn McDonald, what else can you expect from her pupils but an execptional performance.

Miss Tisdale and Miss McDonald, an ocean of thanks, and our deepest gratitude.

Once again, Miss Avril Atkinson in a Tap Moderne, we enjoyed this muchly and again thank you.

Miss Kathy Woodhouse brought the South Seas to us with a Hawaiian dance number in the top tempo. Thank you, Miss Woodhouse.

We now come to more or less a tableau presented by Eyelyn McDonald along with Wendy O'Kane, Avril Atkinson & Ronda Tisdale, this involved a dance on three huge bass drums and was really something, thoroughly enjoyable. To the charming quartette, thanks.

Miss Margaret Jean Anderson was called upon for an encore and again performed very gracefully. Major Anderson accompanied on the pipes, to father and daughter, thank you very muchly.

As a finale, the Misses Innes and Mr. Alphonse McHugh formed a trio and cheered us with Holy Night, Adeste Fideles. These old and lovely Christmas Carols took on new beauty. Our Auditorium glowed with reflected loveliness.

To all these kind and wonderful people, who devoted their time and talent to entertain us, we hereby, as a gesture of thanks, from the Diamond Staff and the Inmate Committe we dedicate our January Issue of the Diamond.

DOES ANYBODY TRUST YOU

I hate to write with public pen
Secured by a heavy chain,
It's a slap in the face to honest men
Whose probity is plain.
And what is more it's a beastly bore
To wrestle the wretched link,
And spill the ink all over the floor—
Provided there is ink.
Another bane is the washroom tap
With automatic spring,
That shuts with a snap as soon as a chap
Lets go of the blasted thing.
The inference is plain that I'm
A water wasting vandal,
But how can I wash one hand at a time
While the other holds the handle?
From corkscrews nailed to solid frames
To telephone books with fetters,
From match-books with owner's names
In minatory letters.
Remove I pray, from such as these
The locks and keys that hitch them,
And leave them in the open, please
Where I can safely snitch them.

Philip Z. Hamilton.

IN MEMORIUM

Hidden love we never show,
Loved ones living never know,
Just how deeply loved they are,
Till by death they're moved afar.

The void created by they're leaving
Is never filled by tearful grieving,
Deep in my heart with gentle care,
They're kept alive with daily prayer.

Rick. Windsor



Senor Editor:-

A donde est mia Diamante, yo el tiro mucho el mesa yo no tengo asu publicationo. Por favor, con el correro, despachera mia perentorio, una edicion.

Signed Matadora El Cabeya Del Vaquo.

Dear Matador:-

Sorry we missed you last month, however the fault is not entirely ours. Seems there was a small revolt in one of your neighbouring countries, and the first prize, as well as being chosen president, was your copy of the Diamond.

We have taken steps to ensure future delivery to you, namely, we are sending each country 25 copies of our little jewel, the Diamond.

Hoping to hear from you again, and trust the bulls you tangle with don't happen to tangle you.

Dear Sir:-

Would you kindly put my name on your subscribers' list.

Enclosed please find cheque for one year's subscription.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. L. N. C.
Oakville, Ont.

Dear Madam:-

Your name is now on our mailing list and we trust by now you are in receipt of two editions of the Diamond.

You can have no idea of our appreciation of your kindness. We are putting on a campaign for more subscribers, and sincerely hope you may find it possible to gain a few more for us in your neighbourhood.

Tovarich Editor:-

No hedition in vide vorld exists like da Diamond, ces very fine magazine. Only vun pepper is bedder, dot ees Pravda.

Pliss, mister boss, change mine hadress to Camp 16, Northern Siberia.

Dank you,
Vasilov Nosdroveigh.

Dear Sir:-

We are very pleased to note your change of address, we sincerely hope there is plenty of room up there for a few more. Please do not write to us on any pretext. Everyone here, with one or two exceptions are staunch and firm capitalists and have no use for political aberrants.

Dear Sir:-

Could you please forward to us one year's subscription of your publication and also advise us as to the amount of this publication and we will forward you a cheque for same.

Thank you for your co-operation in this matter.

Yours sincerely,
L. J. Best,
Executive Secretary,
The John Howard Society

Dear Sir:-

It is with great pleasure that we are sending you a year's subscription of our magazine. The John Howard Society's work is deeply appreciated by everyone here, and we feel anything we can do is small payment for your praiseworthy efforts on our behalf.

Dear Meester Edit:-

Justa gotta you novemba issue, hotta dogga, some magazina mia wifea Carlotta she lika very mooch. We now have cancella alla otha papers. Diamond she eesa besto. Twanty cheers for you, Multi Gratia. One question please, *You know some Canadian Soldah name of Joe?????*

Guiseppi Angelo Sigesmondo,
23 Cia Napole, Roma, Italia

Cora Mia Guiseppi:-

Pleased to read you received our November edition, and might mention in passing your wife has good taste in literature.

Thank you for the twenty cheers, and the thanks.

I am sorry re:your question about Canadian Soldier named Joe; why don't you just forget him? After all he has probably forgotten you.

Signed: Joe.

Continued on page 30

VOCATIONAL TRAINING.

Sheet Metal

By Lloyd V. Morgan

ONE section of the Vocational Training Programme offered to inmates at Collin's Bay is the Sheet Metal Course.

The course is of one year's duration and is so designed it gives the embryo sheet metal man a real solid grounding in the trade. Many inmates, who on the outside had gained a working knowledge of the art, and take the offered course here, may add greatly to their store of knowledge.

Normally the class consists of ten students. Each is supplied with a work-bench, kit of hand tools and text books pertaining to the sheet metal trade.

In the shop, there is a well stocked tool crib and electric tools available to the students as he progresses, and their need is necessary.

He is taught the use and care of such machine tools as brakes, shears and turning machines. And in this category there are burring, beading and crimping machines. Roller, bar, pipe folders are taught and used. The student is well indoctrinated in the use of the many stakes used.

The lock former comes in for a fair share of instruction covering different rolls for the forming of locks, seams etc. And, while on the subject of seams, we shall mention in passing, the student is also instructed in the proper use of the spot welder.

Students learn the sheet metal trade starting with the use of tools; their care and safety practises are stressed by the Instructors. Soldering is carefully taught as is rivetting, and particular care is taken in these two phases of the sheet metal art.

All types of seams are taught and where and how they are used. Along with this, of course, the different types of metals are explained and their composition. Of importance too is where each type of metal can be used and a thorough grounding is given in this branch.

Lay out systems are taught such as radial line, parallel line and triangulation and combination of these.

The student gains practical experience in the making of different projects which take in all systems of lay outs. Some of the following are the projects made. Cylindrical, square and flaring pans. Pails and boxes of all shapes and sizes, furnace pipe, funnels, cones, fustrums of cones, pyramids and fustrums of pyramids. Elbows, tapering, regular and transitional. Transition fittings, boots, bullheads and all types of fittings used in duct work employed in heating and air-conditioning. Eavestroughing, flashing and roofing are also covered during the course of the instructional year.

Heating and air conditioning is thoroughly covered, the texts used being approved by the National Warm Air Heating and Air Conditioning Associating. The pupils learn to calculate the heat loss in all types and designs of buildings. All types of heating systems are gone over, gravity, forced air, conventional, small pipe and radial perimeter.

Practical experience is gained by installing a gravity heating system and a forced air system in a half scale model four roomed house.

Included in the shop equipment are two coal fired furnaces, one a gravity furnace, the other a forced air type. Each student is required to take each furnace apart, and then re-assemble them. They are also taught to convert to oil, any convertible type of furnace and receive instructions on maintenance and service of oil burners.

Great care is taken in the study of rules and bylaws governing the installation of heating systems in houses. And, cost and estimation of work is gone over with the student.

Mr. Alton Irvine is the Instructor of the class. Being a qualified Instructor he has varied experience in general sheet metal and aircraft metal work.

Related training classes are carried out one day per week under the able direction of Mr. M. O. Smith, who also instructs in elementary and trades mathematics. Blue-print reading and drafting comes under Mr. G. Taylor.

Thus mathematical problems should be no stumbling block to the graduate student as he leaves here to take part in the trade outside. He (the student) should also be able to inter-

Continued on page 33

I WAS A HARD ROCK

I AM presently incarcerated in Collin's Bay, and often ask myself: "Should I be here?" The inevitable answer must be "No", but such is not the case. My troubles started back in Public School day; mind you, I come from a very good family, not just the average kind, but well educated, my father a business man in a well known Western Ontario City, good living, church going and deep in Community interests.

At the very tender age of eleven, yours truly decided that school held no interest, so I up and stole the Teacher's purse; removing the money, I now had the remaining contents to dispose of such as birth certificate, Driver's permit, ownership cards etc. Then I really went to town on ice-cream, pop and candy, upon returning home found the teacher's car in front of our home; very shortly after, it was painful for me to be comfortable in the sitting position. My stealing (petty that is) went on for approximately four years. It had advanced to a stage that the neighborhood was talking about both my parents and myself.

It was then that my people decided to do something about the situation; they took me to Juvenile Court. The Judge decided to place me in a Boy's Home for observation, this place gave me a laugh so, just "took out" but, in three days found myself in Court, sentenced to Bomanville Training School for an indefinite term. This term ended in twenty one months at that time returned home.

Through the efforts of my father and his friends a job was found for me. After a little over a week, I was unfortunate enough to become tangled up in a machine causing severe injuries to my left arm, was confined to Hospital for close to a year, it was during this time that I became very bitter, it seems that I had inherited an iconoclastic attitude, and decided the World owed me a livelihood, no matter how it was obtained. After leaving hospital and returning to work, decided to sample beer, whiskey & wine, resulting in my being arrested and sentenced to Guelph Reformatory for 18 months, a typical Juvenile Booze-hound.

In Guelph, I became the Hard Rock, causing plenty of trouble, resulting in two samplings of the strap, going to the spot of administration of said strappings, was still Hard Rock. Allow me to assure you the Rock was just molten lava; when returning to my cell. in each instance of course around the Joint, I was considered a real "Wheel", a "Big Time Operator,,. The time came for my release, the institution seemed very anxious to assist me in getting started off on the right foot. All this help, I absolutely refused for I had by now made up my mind that I could steal my way through life. During this past eighteen months had heard a lot of stories of various escapades that other inmates had been in, this was to be my life of plenty, no work, no worries, just live.

Well, dear readers, your Hard Rock only enjoyed two months of freedom when back to Guelph for 18 months the charge was car theft. After this sentence, received yet another 18 months same place, charge truck theft. Have you stopped to count all the 18 month sentences? By this time I am really burnt up; it seems the whole world is against me. I was far from a good crook because I got into the clutches of the law so very easy. Finishing up my third set of 18 months, decided to go to Montreal; that should be the city where I could contact the big time, and really got rolling. BUT in just forty two days Hard Rock was sentenced to two years in penitentiary.

Just stop to think how little I have been on the street since I was fourteen years of age; not long enough to wear the newness off a pair of shoes. I don't really know what it means to buy a suit of clothes, to ride on a subway, or to own any of the nice things a guy in his twenties usually has, to have a girl-friend, and what really hurts not to be able to go home and say: "Hello Mom and Pop." For you can readily imagine my parents feelings and attitude at my present predicament.

Now, after months of cogitation, I have decided that this is far enough, and really firmly believe this to be my last time in trouble. Since coming to Collin's Bay I have completed a course in the trade I started out to learn early in my youth, the inmate treatment and common sense guidance of the Administration, even the older inmates offer to advise you, and believe you me we have some pretty smart men in the place. I am not a big wheel, or a

ATTENTION: All Inmates of Collin's Bay

A LOST LETTER

JUST recently one of the Diamond Staff while meandering about the hall ways, his big ears flapping, his big hook nose jutting out, looking for a place to hang, found a letter. It was not addressed, the signature badly blurred. We hereby publish the contents, hoping the writer will call and claim it. (Incidentally it was picked up near the barber shop.)

My dear petite Artimise.

From your husband, by gar, where you be when the polices grab me. I betcha one skunk skin, you know where I be, now, but where you be?

Right after I shoot Antoine, Joe and Emil on the main street one great big Cop, he come up to me with little gun in his hand and tell me I go to lock-up. (I think that is near Sudbury, but its not), next day they take me to big room in this place lock-up; a nice old man sit up high in a box, he say to me Guilty or not Guilty, I tell him my name is Peter and I don't know those two guys he is talking about.

Some big D.P. by name of Crown Attorney (I could tell he was a D.P. by his name) say he will handle my case; you know, ma cherie, I don't ask this guy Crown to help me but he holler, yell, and shout at nice Old Man in the box. I was going to smack him, but they put steel jewelry on my wrists, I guess to keep my hands together so I don't steal anything. This Crown guy keeps yelling for Maximum: tell me, Artimise, do you know this guy Maximum? Anyway the nice old man ask me what I have to say; so I tell him I am sorry I have no money to pay for stay all night in lock up and the bread and jam they give me; he say I give you fifteen years on each count; that's pretty good, eh? I think maybe give me eighteen.

I know that my brother Louis is not getting along good with his wife, why don't you have him come over and stay with you until I can come back to the bush. Please you write me sometime; how is our petit garcon Charles Aime? Does he still eat his pea soup in his hat?

The doctor here tell me I am a little old to stay here for so long and say I should write for ticket, I told him I don"t write for ticket, I have money here to buy my own ticket, I go by bus anyway.

Last night fellow who sleep next to me had attack of sudden death, his time is not finished yet so they keep him in icebox, until his sentence is served, some place, eh?

Don't come up her to see me on Wednesday (mercredi) and saturday (samedi) the men go up and down cell block with hardly any clothes on, they say they take showers, I will wait until I come home and have good bath in river.

They tell me because I got no education I work on cleaners pretty soon they put me in change room or engineers, very nice place this?

Tell Louis to bring me five gallons of his wine and tell the men at the gate it is for me, if the wine don't come in, Louis will be here too. Maybe you can get job in lumber camp or the mines until I come home, remember to think of me sometimes, write if you like, if not, have that lover of women Batiste, come over and write for you. Be careful, be good, and if you get mucker's job at mines don't go below 600 ft. level you may catch a cold. I close now, and you think of me, I think of you.

Oh well, amour, what's the use.

Your husband

Rolly

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

I WAS A HARD ROCK

Hard Rock in Collin's Bay just an every day yard bird and a rear rank one at that. I wonder what my parents would say if they knew I was taking a Bible course! One would be surprised at the number of men that are doing just that, it sure won"t do a bit of harm.

Maybe some reader on the outside knows of some young person who is on the borderline, just show him or her this story, and it is the real honest to God truth. It may mean they will hesitate before wanting to be a Hard Rock or a big wheel. With the few remaining months it is my earnest intention to be fully prepared to re-enter Society and really make good, Other's have done it—So Can I.

Editor's Musings



Here we are about to open a neatly parceled New Year, 366 freshly laundered and stiffly starched new days. If we are going to make good use of them we are lucky, this being leap year we have one extra day to enjoy. However as usual many people will leave each day rumpled and crumpled, and fail to get full use out of them. So we write 30 to 1955 and start 1956.

During one of those days when you feel like taking it easy, I happened to pick up a copy of the New Day, the publication of the Ohio State Reformatory. The issue was dated November 12th. The editor's column, the title of which is The Editor's Notebook, contained a little story which left me feeling warm and pleasant. It seems the editor found it necessary to visit one of the Industrial shops in the Institution. Before gaining admission he had to present a pass, prove his visit was authorized, etc., all very strict and formal. This exchange was carried out on a strictly inmate and custodial officer basis. The inmate whom the editor wished to see emerged from his place of employment, handed the editor the copy he was after, and then proceeded to introduce the guard to the editor. The guard acknowledged the introduction and shook hands. A small social grace, yet to a man doing time, a hand offered in a gesture of friendship means a whale of a lot. Sufficient at any rate for the editor in Ohio to write about and carrying such a pleasant touch of warmth that we comment on it up here.

Many feature writers for our great metropolitan dailies have of late given mention to the worthy group in Toronto known as the Parent's Action League, or as they are called in short PAL. Frank Tumpane of the Toronto Evening Telegram gave them a real piece of space, and as Mr. Tumpane is admired greatly by us we go along with the write up, and say in passing, keep up the good work.

Many of our population who are Leaf fans are going around with long faces of late, buck up fellows, the season has just started, wait until February, the old team will get going by then.

Attended Church Sunday November 20th. Our Padre mentioned in his sermon; what would be the reception of Jesus Christ if he returned to-day? One point gave me a warm feeling, he quoted: "Christ would hold people with his sparkling wit, his sense of humour, and his great personality". How many people have ever thought of our Saviour in this light?

Yesterday I had occasion to have my hair-cut and also have my shoes half soled and heeled. It was almost like being on the outside, Ross cut my hair, neatly and efficiently, and upon completion of the job enquired if there was any suggestion I had to offer. I have paid many a dollar for hair-cuts and never had such service and politeness. Keep it up Ross.

And for the shoe shop, Bruno gave me perfect service, turned out an A-1 job and all with a smile; make's a guy feel good to have nice people around, eh?

And while we are on the subject of nice things to say, we feel it a must, to give Joe C. the maintenance plumber, a pat on the back, he always has a smile and he certainly keeps things in good shape. And there's Eddie M. in the canteen, so few of us really appreciate the job he does. So it goes, if you look around you carefully there is always one of the fellows going quietly about his job, yet no one seems to notice, but we do.

On looking over the Atlantian, the Penal Press Publication of the United States Penitentiary in Atlanta Georgia, I was first struck with the set up of their issue. Believe me, Dear Public, this top rate magazine compares with all and any outside publications.

But to get back to my original thought, in their exchange section they make a flat statement regarding reprints, and I quote: Anything that appears on the Atlantian pages is yours. Praise, revile it, or reprint it as you wish. Credit us, please. But if you forget our name or haven't room for a credit line, we won't chastise or condemn — we'll still be happy to see that we had something you liked. (What the hell is all the feuding about "credit"? If you don't let me be leader, I won't play — so there! We're supposed to be men lets act like it) end of quote. This quote I like, their attitude I like, in fact I like their whole outlook, and their magazine.

It must be contagious, the above statement goes for the Diamond too. We, the Penal Press are too few and small to be fighting among ourselves.

Listening to the C.B. News Round-Up, heard Frank Tumpane's remarks on indiscriminate use of fire arms. More and more we find to admire about Mr. Tumpane, such good common sense.

Help From Everywhere

by No. 4242

AFTER being thanked by my employer for my good work and behaviour under the circumstances that I stated last month, you can believe that I did not feel very anxious to start telephoning and received such answers as CALL ME UP AT 3.

With the few dollars remaining in my pocket, and they were few, a job was necessary. Thus it was disillusioned and disappointed, I found myself on the highway, thumb up.

My new destination was a secret. The first vehicle stopped by my thumb was a large transport. The driver informed me his destination was a town about two hundred miles away, this was my objective, so I settled down comfortably.

We travelled all day long and in early evening the transport carrying me reached the town of my choice. During the trip I had become quite friendly with the driver; this friendship paid off. He was related to a prominent contractor in the town and through his good offices a job was gained by me as a helper on a truck.

This job lasted six months, and I applied myself, no job was too hard, no work too dirty. Long hours were made for me, and so I gained my bosses' confidence to the point that I obtained a typist job. I was happy, my future looked secure.

However fate decreed otherwise. One morning while I was waiting in front of the building for the office to open, a chap I had served time with happened to go by. I turned my head in the opposite direction, but no luck, he recognized me. He crossed the street and called my name; we shook hands. He wanted all the news, how I was doing, how long had I lived in the town. He filled me in on latest release and how he was looking for work. Well, what could I do?

I knew no one who could help him in that matter. I listened to a "score" he had all lined up for that night. I refused to go with him on anything illegal, the straight and narrow being my path from now on.

What I was expecting happened; "I am broke", he says. I wouldn't inform him of the little amount I had saved but I handed a few dollars for him to go and get something to eat; I also told him that he could share my room until he found a job.

So, he moved in with me. I arranged a date for him with a friend of the girl I was going steady with and we now became a foursome.

He failed to find employment, perhaps it is difficult to find work if you hang around poolroom all day, I cannot say. However, he still had an apetite and he was still staying with me.

Now to top off the whole deal, one night he informed me that he was in love with my girl friend. There is nothing wrong with that, but I ask you how far can a guy go? Well, let me tell you, he told my lady friend that we had met behind walls. The result was not what my erstwhile friend desired, she gently put us both on her black list.

Well this lady friend of mine was working for the same outfit as myself; she felt it was her duty to tell the boss. Results! The envelope I picked up the next day contained my last cheque.

I could not question their action. They refused to give me a recommendation. I asked them, as a special favor, to keep my record a secret. Did they, the following will tell you.

So I returined to my little furnished room and to my surprise I found out that I was cleaned out. My "chum" had skipped out on me, and, he had become so attached to my clothes that he took them with him helping himself to a brand new suitcase I had recently purchased. What a life! Here by being nice

Continued on page 33



SENTENCED TO BIRTH



We wish to thank the Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. for his really wonderful and heartening "God Goes to Murderer's Row". Not only for the pleasure we derived from reading it, but for the new light he throws on police methods.

We trust the Rev. Father will forgive us, but we feel the story is too good to keep to ourselves.

This following is a reprint, we have taken the liberty of condensing the story. However, "God Goes to Murderer's Row" is printed and published by The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, USA.

A VERY STRANGE title indeed; it even has an ambiguous strain, you immediately say; how can a person be sentenced to Birth? We will, dear readers endeavor to prove our statement to be a fact.

Try if you can picture a man strapped in the Electric Chair, looking up at the Padre and saying "I know that death is the only way to God and I am very impatient to be on my way"".

It all began when two women lay dead and robbed of about $180.00; the crime had been committed by three men. Thinking their "take" would be much larger, that fact matters not, for two lives were snuffed out and a payment is demanded by Jpstice.

Three ex-convicts had been picked up and found to be armed, plus more significant evidence, the dectectives were dead positive they had the all wrapped up, but the Police Chief, was a very religious man man which menat he thought figured and thought knowing that three men must die. The men being held were Tom Fredericks and the other two Butler and Wilson.

It was Tom who signed a confession stating that he had a part in the robbery, but denied murder. A .32 and .38 pistol was involved in the killing, bullets returned from Ballistics proved both guns used at the scene. Tom who carried the .38 stated he fired his gun but into the floor; this was found to be the truth. All of this evidence had made Chief Purdy do a lot of thinking, having checked Tom's record back to his first charge at the age of fifteen, and the fact that the Chief had known him since he was a boy made him anxious to see that Tom died right.

Chief Purdy"s wife in hospital recovering from an operation, after visiting her, suggested taking two nursing sisters for a drive; he finally ended up at the City Prison, asking the Sisters if they would see one of his prisoners. Tom was brought from the cell block to meet Sister Mary Laurentia and Sister Robert Ann. Tom was asked if he knew the "Our Father" very embarrassed he answered in the negative. Sister Mary Laurentia told him to say often: "My Jesus, mercy". After returning to his cell, he sat on the edge of his bunk, putting his head in his hand "My Jesus mercy" he mumbled, then frowned: "I wonder how the "Our Father" goes anyhow." Some days a father George came to the Prison and was asked by the Chief to have a talk to Tom; this he done gladly. Tom seemed fascinated by the wonderful personality of Father George; after a long interview, Tom suggested to Father George that he would like to become a Catholic making one stipulation that Father George be the one to help him. It was then that Father George told Tom that his parish was some 80 miles distant. "Oh," said Tom, as he arose from his chair, there was finality and bitter disappointment in his tone "I know you can't do it, just forget the whole thing."

Father George arose, put out his hand; Tom took it "If that's the way you feel about it, Tom, I'll do it; I'll fix it with the Pastor here and my own boss. I'll be happy to do it, by the way Tom, I was talking to Sisters Mary Laurentia and Roberta Ann this morning, they told me about their visit they are praying for you Tom."

They parted. The priest's heart was singing: "How strange, O God are thy ways". Tom went back to his cell feeling happier than he had ever felt.

The next day a special delivery package arrived at the jail, it was for Tom containing pamphlets and books entitled: Father Smith instructs Jackson. On the fly leaf was written a message. "You be jackson, I'll be Father Smith. Best of luck and God's special blessings." Father George.

Tom became a very apt pupil, he studied hard; and when Father George visited him, he had many questions to ask. Proving he had read and reflected he said to Father George "It all fits so perfectly, as they talked of creation, of the purpose God had in his mind when he made man — when he made Tom Fredericks." When the matter of the Natural Law came up, the prisoner said: "Anyone who denies the voice of conscience has not ears like mine, Father. I always knew when I did wrong. believe everyone does, but you see we defend ourselves; we excuse ourselves. We blame society" then with a frown he added: "and we have some truth in our claim. A man with a record is outside the pale. Look at me . Just before this caper I tried to get a cab license, I was denied it because the Police had my finger-prints. If I had gotten that license I would not be sitting here to-day."

The Padre on one of his visits found Tom in a some what excited mood. After explaining to Father George how he had advanced, he suddenly said: "Let's get down to the other business.' '

"You in a rush to-day?"

"That next article in the Creed, Father, the one you told me study: From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead."

"Well, what about it?"

"We're still talking about Jesus, aren't we, when we say: He?"

"That's true".

"Then it's true He'll be our Judge?"

"Yes, My Son".

"Now see if I have got this straight. The God who is going to judge me is the same Jesus Christ, who pardoned Dismas, the Good Thief, and promised him paradise the same day?"

"That"s your judge, Tom and every man's".

Tom got up from his chair and paced up and down, he murmered: "It seems too good to be true".

"What do you mean? asked the Padre very quietly."

Tom with a gesture of a real triumph exclaimed: "Why, Father it's a cinch! Jesus Christ the One you told me brought the kid backto lifeand gave him to his widowed mother; the Jesus who took care of that street walker—what's her name? Mary Magdalen?"

"That's the one. The Jesus who protected and defended her against that gang at the banquet, remember?"

"That's right".

"He's going to be my Judge? Why, Father, I'm ready to die now. I'm going to trial soon. I'll stand before a man who doesn't know me from a hole in the wall. There'll be lawyers and smart guys; they'll trip me with clever questions, then turn and twist my answers until white seems black and black seems white. There'll be twelve good men and true, there; Heh? And those twelve mugs who don't know me from Adam, will listen to a lot of tripe some mouthpiece will spout, and to the oratory of a Prosecuting Attorney, who has his eye on a political position and his finger on the pulse of the mob; these mugs, I say, will pass judgment on me. They'll send me to the chair; they'll take my life. For what? For a crime I did not commit.

"But Tom...."

"Oh, I know, I know. The law says I'm guilty morally. I've talked it over with my mouthpiece, I even know the verdict and the sentence. But, Father, don't you see why I'm happy to have Jesus Christ as my final judge? HeH knows everything! You told me He is God. I believe you. I believe Him, and I'm happy to know He'll be my judge."

The Padre spent some time explaining this very intricate version that Tom had become so elated over, explaining "There is a hell, Tom, and some souls go there, for God must be just if he will be God."

After weeks of study on his course, during this period the three men were tried and found Guilty, sentenced to die in the chair; Tom had many visits from the Sisters who had helped him so much in becoming a true believer; his life on death row had not been very easy, his cell mates constantly badgering him, but through it all he felt that he had won.

His last day on earth had come; he had a busy day ahead of him, gathering up his personal effects he placed them in a box and covering them with a large piece of brown wrapping paper, he printed his farewell message to his mother:

GOOD-BY, MOTHER DARLING. I LOVE YOU AND WILL AWAIT YOU IN HEAVEN
YOUR OWN TOM.

Putting this to one side he sat down to write farewell letters to his Mother, sister and the Sisters Mary and Roberta Ann. Having just signed his name to the last letter when he heard foot steps outside his door; it was the Warden.

"Good morning Tom, you seem busy".

"I am, Warden, I'll never finish all I should do to-day."

"Very well, Son, I will see that you are not bothered, but I must visit you twice more today and ask you if there is anything I can do for you. Is there anything you want to say before you die?"

"Not a thing, Warden, except that you and the staff have been very kind."

It was shortly after lunch that the Warden again appeared, asked the question a second time; getting no answer from Tom, except a smile, Tom was told he could order anything he wanted for dinner.

"I'm not fussy, Warden, let it be a big steak."

Tom again sat down meaning to write his last words to Father George, try as would his pen would not place words that suited him, he rejected idea after idea, when he was startled by a knock on his door.

"Father Libo is coming" said the guard, and hurried along the walk to shoot the long bar that locked the entire range.

Tom fell on his knees. The priest came silently in, opened a kit, arranged a miniature altar, lit two candles then began to pray. It was during these prayerful moments that he was a close to Heaven as it is possible to be while still on earth.

Shortly after six p.m. the Warden again appeared and read the death warrant. Tom listened quietly then said: "Thank you, God's will be done. I'm a lucky man."

It was not long when the guards came to take him on his "last walk" down the death row; Baxter had already gone, for as he passed Wilson's cell he cursed Tom who answered him with "God bless and help you." Father George came to meet him and walk with him, he spoke to the Padre saying: "Father, I am now ready to go into the hands of God."

A few moments later the lights of the prison flickered, and the many people who knew the real Tom realized his sentence to birth had been completed.

THE MAIL BOX **Continued from page 22**

Dear Sirs:-

It has been a pleasure to read your publication each month, and I certainly intend to continue.

Enclosed please find a two dollar bill for a 1 year subscription.

Your work is deserving of much more encouragement than just subscriptions. I hope you keep getting that encouragement from all sides.

Yours truly,
Dr. L.R., B.A., M.D.
Barry's Bay, Ont.

Dear Doctor:-

We are thoroughly thrilled by your wonderful letter of praise. And you may accept our word, we intend to keep it an interesting magazine.

As to your two dollar bill for a one year subscription, we couldn't dream of allowing this, so we have credited you with a two year period. We have learned honesty and good measure are the best policy.

Thanks again for the encouragement, we appreciate it.

The Diamond:-

With every good wish.
Earl H. Cameron, Baptist Church.

Dear Reverend:-

..Thank you for your subscription, particularly from the Clergy. We feel the cloth are excellent judges of literature, so we must have something to attract so many Doctors, Lawyers and Clergymen.

We wish to thank you for the good wishes, we need them. The Editor.

The Diamond staff have been snowed under by a pile of congratulatory letters from inmates. We feel elated at this heart warming response; and it makes our work so much easier to know it is being well received. The letters are too numerous to reprint, so we are going to say thanks to the following: Gerry Parr, K. Hunter, A. Mitchell, W. Roman, J. Aubrey, R. Windsor, A. Corrie, R. Morrissetti, Beauregarde Stahlbaum, P. Hamilton, J. Binnie, R. Burnett, J. Sullivan, J. Fields, J. Bailey, G. Barnes, Byz, Charles Aime G.

The letters are on file, you may see them if you wish.



QUALITY QUOTES from PENITENT PENS

THE SPOKESMAN **(State of Georgia)** Rehabilitation that works is one way of telling the inmate that although he is here in prison it's up to him whether he stays here a short time or a long one. This doesn't mean that rehabilitation is a free ticket for a trip to the streets, but it is at once a source of incentive to the prisoners to behave so as to shorten their imprisonment and a means wherby they can show the authorities that they are in condition to be released.

BEACON **(Dorchester, N.B.)** Though they are somewhat dubious in the eyes of society, the talents of the American convict are many and varied. But what if these talents were harnessed as a working force on the side of American society? To help protect American Democracy? Is this too much to expect of the imagination?

ISLAND LANTERN **(Steilacoom, Washington)** After the necessarily strict routine of prison life it is difficult for a discharged prisoner to stand on his own feet in the swift-running currents of a free man's world. Often, if he has been in prison very long, he will have lost the habit of making his own decisions. He usually faces tremendous difficulties in finding a job. In many cases his prison record cuts him off from the friendship of law-abiding people. The circumstances tend to push a man back to a life of crime unless we make it our business to help him overcome them. F.D.R.

PAAHOA PRESS **(Honolulu, Hawaii)** A prison may be looked upon as an everchanging set of human relationships which exist between the inmates and employees who make up the community. The nature of these relationships at any given time largely determines the general atmosphere or "climate" of the institution. If this atmosphere is one of mutual respect, confidence and good will, the programs and activities of the prison can become a positive, constructive influence for most of the men and women who participate in them.

PENSCOPE **(Moundsville, W.Va.)** Prisoners are people. You cannot walk and talk with men in prison for long before coming to this inescapable conclusion. Yet, the public has stereotyped these men with the "Prisoner Label." It is said that they are dangerous, unreliable men, to be shunned. There are some prisoners who fit this description but we feel that about 95 per cent do not. Unfortunately, all mus bear the same brand.

THE MESSENGER **(State of South Dakato)** "PRISON JOURNALISM" One thing that's always noticeable about prison journalism; just pick up a magazine or paper at random and you can predict with fair certainty the morale of the institution it came from. If it has freedom of expression and few taboos in subject matter; if all opinions and views are tolerated however fuzzy or wrong the thinking behind them, you can be pretty sure that the administration of the prison is confident of its place and is working in harmony with the prisoners it keeps. If the publication shows the heavy hand of the front office and devotes itself to banality or speaks of prison problems only in vague and timid generalities, you can almost bet THAT Institution has its full share of bitter men and disturbed officials. —via THE ENCOURAGER.

THE EYE OPENER **(Oklahoma)** Henry S Hayward of the London Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor compares the penal codes of the United States and Great Britian:

"Although the British appear less tolerant of legalistic delay in carrying out capital punishment sentences, they are opposed to long jail sentences. The precept is that long sentences cause only the moral or physical deterioration of the condemned, where as if the penalty is not captial punishment, the objective should be to reform and rehabilitate the criminal as rapidly as possible.

> I am like a book, with pages that have stuck together for want of use: my mind needs unpacking and the truths stores within must be turned over from time to time, to be ready when occasion demands.
>
> Seneca

Listen Here

I Am "THE EAR"

By Buddy Bluster

HERE we are, starting a new year. Happy New Year, Dear Readers, Happy New Year to all!

And to start the New Year in an humble and contrite manner, I find I have an apology to make, the Diamond must live up to a reputation of having always published facts, so we shall remove the fiction from a story published last month. First, the apology, I am sorry I called the "cabin boy", a cabin boy on a herring boat. The truth is, it was a sardine smack. And if necessary I will apologize for this too. But good!....I hear blue shorts are becoming the rage in the old Dorm. What about that? ....I wonder where the best spot is to get stencils, and does the inmate with the pious expression think he has us all fooled, smarten up my friend, never break a trust placed in you by nice people.....I had a quiet laugh the other eve, heard a fellow make this statement "I am one hundred and ninety pounds of dynamite" Boy oh Boy these second rate jokes. ....4247 wants to know who the Ear is now, now, young fellow, we dont know who the Ear is, but we do know who the Nose is.....What happened to the plump mechanic, or is he just a farmer at heart.....I enjoy the real friendship that exists between Fuses and Binnie, but how does Binnie put up with it. ....With Christmas over I can now get some real work done, no more fellows crying over their Christmas tickets.....

Mort and Muscles would sure make a wonderful song and dance team if only Muscles could sing and dance.....Young Rick in the Barber Shop is certainly a first class Barber and always has a cheery word or two for his clients, you see I can pat on the back as well as hit on the head.....Rumour has it, that The Marshall has a finger in the Ear, no my Friendlies, I know he hasn't, not the Marshall. ....I heard the other day of another A.A. member who is making good on the outside, you all know him, nice pleasant guy too. But my friendlies that is where they make good on the outside, so it goes some talk about it,, some do it.

A little guy was transferred to the Garage the other day, and has remarked how much nicer the fellows are over there, it's all a matter of common sense Shorty, I dont think much of the treatment you received....A few of the small things I have noticed in my travels around our enforced domicile: How some inmates have not forgotten how to say Thank you, how some inmates are ready to do a favour for others, how some fellows protect privileges, lest they lose them for themselves as well as others, how the man who had something outside never attempts to impress us here inside.

Had a young fellow tell me the other day how horses always want to bite him, this proves they have horse sense, how about this Jerry? ....Old Bill C. seems tired these days, what's the matter Bill, waiting for your ticket getting you down or is it old age?....You have to be qualified to sit beside the quarry truck driver these days, if your not, look out!.... Take it easy fellows, keep those scores down below $25,000.00 if there is an income tax man in the house you will drive him crazy.....He of the bullet head cornered our Editor the other Manana, and for some twenty minutes held forth on how he would go about improving This, That, Where, When, How And Who. So next month we are going to have an article entitled, Our 4%. Trust He of the bullet head is capable of reading.....

I hear the No.1 blank in the change room had some trouble with a batch of bleach, remember the Ear sees all.....One of the nice things I noticed was one of our lads who does not work in the laundry, washing some of the church linen, he does this of his own free will, so there is no mistake, the initial is R.

Who is the Tycoon, when he is released, is

going to start a tabloid newspaper in London, and is forming his staff in her, remember the Insull boys?...Young Red N. in the boiler room is now reading palms, well Red, you can no longer boast you have never made the Ear, and some of the other Cookies down there are likely candidates, even if they do happen to be on The Diamond staff.....

I saw the cabin boy looking very important the other day, he was in communication with the bridge, but I can honestly say, he has improved since I wrote about him in my little column.....How come some of our Boy Genius's complain about their stories, the new staff have not received any to change.....I know an inmate who is too busy with his hobby-craft to attend to his good job, how about that, and he is always first to have someone else complain if there is any thing to "Beef" about. ....Donny MacLean was just telling me there are only 120 days till Baseball training starts, and I will bet right now he will have a championship team again next year, any takers..... I had a good story about one of the cleaners, however he is soon to exit from the Bay, so I shall not Buzz to a soul, your secret i safe, besides I cant spell your name.....The A.A. group are certainly improving, every day I see evidence of real effort on some of their members, Fred M. is a real example, contented sobriety is enjoyed by this member.

Anyone noticed the library publication, take time fellows, it is printed for your benefit, gives some good reviews on what is new in the library.....

SHEET METAL

Continued from page 23

pret drawings and make sketches of any problem in the sheet metal field.

The library is extensive and contains reference books and trade journals received monthly. A number of 16 M.M. and 35 M.M. films and other visual aids are used to supplement lectures and demonstrations.

Bi-monthly examinations are given enabling both the student and Instructor to follow and asses progress as the course goes on. The student's final marks are based on the average of marks gained by the pupil through the length of the course. On completion, the successful trainee receives a diploma showing the marks attained and the curriculum covered in the course.

Now when the trainee has completed his course, he is placed for employment in the Sheet Metal Maintenance Shop. Here he gains further invaluable experience in practical sheet metal practise.

The student must remember that, although he has completed and passed the course, he by no means is a qualified tradesman. Owing to the difference in the working conditions of the competitive outside world and the non-competitive inside world in regards to working hours, he has a lot to learn.

On his release from this Institution, it is entirely up to the ex-inmate to prove by his industry and attention to his job, just how good a tradesman he is. And remember, the man coming behind you is depending on your behaviour to pave his way.

HELP FROM EVERYWHERE

Continued from page 27

and helpful to a down and out jail house friend, I was was sold down the river. The language I used then can't be written down in this article and I believe that you'll understand why.

Impossible to call the law, you know the embarrrasing questions they are apt to ask. My late friend had a four hour start, so I could not locate him, and to follow or attempt to would have been folly on my jart.

The next day I found a new job, fair wages and good working conditions. Now, I figured, maybe I can succeed this time. On many occasions I would meet my ex-girl friend on the street, after each meeeting I needed de-frosting. Boy! was she frigid. Needless to say no one I had known through my previous employment would talk or look at me.

One day, two detectives visited me at my place of employment. They had visited me before, it made no difference to them whether I had anything to do with the investigation or not. I was always visited; finally my boss became fed up and suggested that I would be better in some other town where they wouldn't know about my story.

I found a new place, all right. You can plainly see by my number where my paper-hanging (phoney cheques) put me. Yes, readers, right in the pokey.

Now I look back. I have promised myself a few things: No more jail house friends. No more cheques.

So until next month, 4242 says: Take it easy. How about that?

- SPORTS IN THE BAY -

By John (34½) Binnie

Sat. Nov. 26th/55

On the orders of my boss, the Editor with the peanut shaped head, I proceeded to the sport field to take in the first game of the week-end. I tried hard to get out of this after hearing how cold it was out there, but he wouldn't give me a chance to lay down a story that may have changed his mind. So there I was standing in the cold like a blubbering idiot, and I am sure after a whole week-end of this I will never be able to shake this blue tint on my skin. Well I had better get on and give the results of the games I took in with these frozen eye balls of mine. Watched a fine game between the Rangers and Arsenals, this was the last game of the schedule, and was to be the only defeat Rangers have had this season. It was a game that was well played on both sides, but Arsenals had an edge in play, and proved to have the better eye when it came to scoring. Jim McGregor started it with an assist going to Eddie Martin. Then getting hold of a rebound, the result of a penalty kick that failed to click. Donny McLean sunk the second marker of the game. To wrap it up, Donny took a neat pass from Sullivan and sent it between the posts. The game finished with Rangers being white washed by a score of 3-0.

To-morrow we move into the semi-finals, and from the look of things we are in for some very good soccer as these boys know their stuff.

** ** ** ** **

Sund. Nov. 27th/55

Well here we are standing on the side lines with the rest of the spectators, and it looks as though everyone has come out to see the game. This is the first game of the semi-finals, and it promises to be a very fine series. The teams are the second place Arsenals, and third place Blackpool. The winner will be the team with the most goals over the season, counting the two game series also. After about ten minutes play in the first half of the game, Eric Johnson of Blackpool scored the first goal. This was closely followed by a goal for the Arsenals by Donny McLean which brought loud cheers from the crowd. Bill Huddlestone, that popular player for Arsenals who had been side lined for the last five games with a knee injury, returned to the line up to-day only to have the same knee cap give out again minutes before the finish of the first half. We hope you are not in too much pain Bill, and get well soon.

A lot of close checking and fine passing by the Arsenals failed to pay off in further scoring. The stiff cold winds only made both teams play that much harder, and kept the fans up and down on their toes cheering for their teams. Eric Johnson an outstanding player scored the other three goals for Blackpool with some fine team assistance. The game ended in 4-1 victory for Blackpool.

In the second and final game of this semi-series with, as we have already said the number of goals deciding the victors we seen a fast moving and action packed game. About half way through the first half, Blackpool was given a penalty kick. Johnson who done the kicking made it count to open the scoring. At the closing of the first half Jerry Bell evened it up after taking a pass from Jimmy McGregor. The game went back and forth with each man giving his best. Arsenals getting in the clear gave the ball to McGregor who in turn passed to Donny McLean and he did just what was expected of him. With about three minutes of play left in the game, McLean scored again with the assist going to Jerry Bell. Even after getting the win, Donny's team still lost, but this being by only one goal. However, Don we would like to thank you and your team for the fine games you have given us and no one can say you didn't give it the old College try. The final score in this game was Arsenals 3—Blackpool 1. Blackpool will go on to meet the Rangers for the championship.

Jake Isenberg has acted as Soccer Commissioner throughout the season and the Diamond Staff wish to accord him a vote of thanks.

PLAYER	TEAM	GOALS	ASSIST	POINTS
McLean	Arsenal	14	5	33
Harding	Rangers	7	1	15
Hiesel	Rangers	5	4	14
Major	Rangers	4	6	14
Johnston	Blackpool	6	1	13
McGregor	Arsenal	4	3	11
Lowery	Arsenal	4	2	10
Bernett	Rangers	4	1	9
Smith B.	Blackpool	4	1	9
Huddlestone	Arsenal	4	-	8
Morgan S.	Arsenal	3	1	7

TOP THREE PENALTIES

Blanche	Blackpool	22 Minutes
Lundrigan	Blackpool	14 Minutes
Lowery	Arsenal	12 Minutes

FINAL LEAGUE STANDING

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	PTS	GF	GA
Rangers	12	9	1	2	20	24	14
Arsenals	12	8	3	1	17	32	18
Blackpool	12	3	8	1	7	20	30
New Castle	12	2	10	0	4	8	21

Sat. Dec. 3rd/55

Well, again I must be on my way to the sports field to cover the first game of the finals of the soccer season here. I am doing a little heavy thinking as I go on my way for something is bothering me. You see some of the visitors from other planets around here have been calling me pencil lately. I didn't mind that so much, as I carry a few dozen in the shirt pocket and so I thought they were giving out with the wisecracks. I think things are beginning to dawn on me now, because the other day that big mope of an Editor, and a couple of his teen-aged hoodlums said they would give me a shot on top of my pointed head if I didn't stop stealing their cigarette butts, then they said something about spending all morning sweeping the blocks out to keep themselves in smokes.

I find myself on the sidelines now, and after an untold amount of time spent in talking I finally convinced the numerous fans that were avoiding me like I had the plague. That my presence with the pencil and paper was to write up the commentary and outcome of the game, and not spy for the ear. This is a three game series between Rangers and Blackpool, the winners of this being the soccer champions of Collin's Bay Pen. The playing field is very muddy, but these guys just seem to be having all the more fun rolling around in it. They are like a bunch of naughty little boys or, crazy mixed up kids. Both teams are playing so well and hard you would think the winners were going to get tickets out of here. At about the twelve minute mark of the first half Blackpool was given a penalty kick after Rangers were called for holding at the goal line. Eric Johnson doing the kicking.

It was close on both sides on a few occasions, but due to some fine work by defencemen, and goaltenders the sides were held off. With just seconds remaining in the first half, Garry Harding evened it up on an assist.

When they changed ends for the second half, I think they were finding it hard to tell who was who as there was so much mud covering each man; you would almost have to hear him talk to know who it was. At the half way mark of this half, Johnson scored again, this was an unassisted goal. Rangers tried hard to get back in the game but were unable to do so.

This was the kind of a game that everyone would enjoy seeing, a real hard fought game all the way with no let up on the part of any man on the field. The final score in this game was Blackpool 2 Rangers 1.

Last game in series, snowed out, takes place to morrow and even if it is somewhat cold out. there is much promise of heat from the playing field, also from the fans. It depends on what way the weed is falling. We would like to add that the jobs done by the official men all through the season were as good as you could find anywhere. So from all who watched the games many thanks to guys like Al Corry, Art Lowery, Barber and John Thompson.

SPORT WRITER'S PREDICTIONS

I predict at this date the Toronto Maple Leafs will be in the play-offs and will be in third place for the play-off.

Sugar Ray Robinson will get the beating of his life if he rematches with Bobo Olsen.

Big Jean Beliveau of Montreal Canadiens will be way ahead in the goal race. Jacques Plante of the same team will win the Vezina Trophy.

Oh, and incidentally we overheard Lloyd Morgan scouting for ball-players amongst the newcomers, for next spring already.

Until next month, fellows, so long.

LAST GAME Dec. 18th./55

The last game of the season was played this morning, Rangers & Blackpool met.

This game should have been played on skates however it was a penalty free game, good sportsmanship prevailed throughout.

Rangers won 2 to 0. Both goals were scored by Heizel, one on an assist from Major, the second assisted by Windsor.

The rangers are the seasons CHAMPS, managed by Windsor and coached by Beauregard Stahlbaum; CONGRATULATION, GENTLEMEN, DON'T FORGET US WITH THE PRIZES.

VOCATIONAL

- PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE -

The ultimate purpose of our Vocational Training Programme is to assist in reducing recidivism through the provision of facilities whereby inmates who are willing to assist in their own rehabilitation are given the opportunity to commence learning a useful trade while incarcerated which will provide the means of earning an honest living upon release.

In passing, it should be noted that the following trades are being taught at the present time:

Brickmasonry
Construction Carpentry
Machine Shop Practice
Barbering
Motor Vehicle Repair
Plumbing & Heating
Sheet Metal Work
Electrical (Electric Wiring and Installation Branch)

In general trainees are assigned to the various courses in accordance with established classification and selection procedures, factors such as education, aptitude, intelligence, physical fitness, attitude, etc., being considered in all cases.

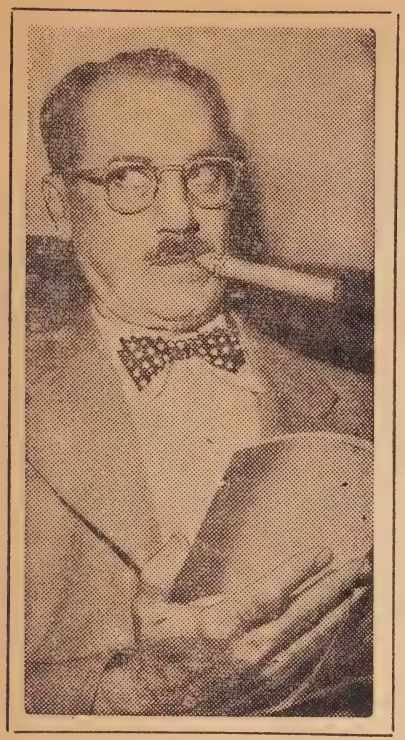
Men who are considering applying for vocational training next year are strongly advised to attend our academic school now if their educational standing is below grade eight; this prerequisite is vitally important.

In addition to the sound and adequate training received while on course our graduates may, if they so desire, set up a programme of post release activities through consultations with representatives of the John Howard Society, National Employment Service, and others.

We are very proud of the achievements attained by most of our released graduates in their respective fields of endeavour. Owing to the training received while incarcerated, they are proving to employers in all parts of Canada that our programme is sound and merits the support of industry to help alleviate the demand for skilled tradesmen in the labour market.

In answer to numerous letters received from released graduates, I would like to take this opportunity of wishing continued success to all of you in your successful re-establishment in civilian life. We are happy to know that your preparation for the future, which had its beginning here, has resulted in so much satisfaction and happiness to you and yours.

W. G. Downton Chief Vocational Officer



Collin's Bay DIAMOND HALL of FAME

No need to put a title on the column for this month.

The man we have chosen is, to our minds the best known personality in show business.

Long known for his ad libs, and for his clever facial punctuations of a story; he can twist a laugh from a story that a lesser "raconteur" would receive boos and catcalls for.

A philosopher he is; with a deep understanding of human nature and peoples way of life, from all walks of life.

Star of the legitimate stage, star or radio and star of television, he has conquered successfully every field he has ventured into.

One controversy regarding the Hall of Fame candidate for January is: Whether he is a master of the art of ad libbing or is it a cleverly rehearsed act? For our choice we choose to feel it as ad lib. But if it is rehearsed it is still marvelous.

The high point of our radio entertainment week is his half hour on Wednesday evening. Even the Commercials, in favour of a well known automobile manufacturer are bright and breezy.

His host of personal friends reads like a who's who of Broadway and Hollywood, and they are all of long standing, speaking well for our hero.

He was born in October in the great city of New York and for some time was a member of the team called the Marx Brothers.

A good father; his daughter despite her youth is becoming well known and his son is a budding author, having done a wonderful series in the Saturday Evening Post, on guess who? Groucho Mark, his father.

So, we proudly present, Groucho Marx; showman, actor, philosopher, radio and television star and father.

For many years a world favourite giving great joy and happiness to millions.

There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

Logan Pearsall Smith

FANTASIA

JUST why I started this fantasia will never be known. We, mortals, do funny things at funny times; is it because this writing takes place in a prison cell? Granted that the confinement does make a man think just a little differently, but more about that later.

From seemingly worthless things comes Joy, Happiness and many times Wealth, let us take for example a two dollar piece of canvas, plus one dollar worth of pigment, those items in the hands of an artist, from it comes a portrait or scene worth hundreds, yes may be thousands of dollars; that man or woman is a Genius.

From a practically worthless sheet of paper, in the hands of the imaginative mind of man or woman comes a few verses telling of love, joy and happiness comes a poem that, also has value in dollars and cents. That person is a Poet.

Out from the rock comes a piece of ore, which to the average person is just plain pieces of stone. but after refining and processing it becomes a substance that could actually destroy civilization or make the world a happier and more comfortable place to live in, and I now speak of the isotope U-235 out of which comes atomic power, the person who deals in such research he is the Scientist.

Back in the days of history somewhere around 460 B.C. to 357 B.C. there lived a greek known as Hippocrates, his aim in life was to aid the sick, and heal the maimed, which brings us to the present Era, that devoted group is known as the Medical profession and up to this day they take the Hippocratic Oath to serve faithfully, honestly and to the best of this ability. Our Doctors Nurses and Pharmascists, they bring us health and happiness.

Let us look to the earth, just plain every day dirt, sand and loam; from it comes our fruits, vegetables, wheat for bread etc., in the hands of the hard working individual. We have the Farmer.

For the beauty of trees, bushes, beautiful flowers, the fragrant plants we thank the Horticulturist.

The above two types of persons bring us health and happiness as well as joy.

Then we consider the strip of paper of infinitisimal value, men of integrity can write figures amounting to a fortune, by adding his signature he can purchase practically anything, with the following exception, love, happiness, and health—He is our Tycoon or Financier.

Having mentioned just a few of the specialists which go to make up this world of ours, it was so few years ago, that we had to deal with the Chauvinist, the Jingoist, with Hitler and Mussolini, who were hell bent on Genocide; they were stopped but at a terrible sacrifice.

Now let us dwell on the every day man of the world, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, this type must be popular because God made so many of them, they carry on from day to day always driving for Utopia, the interest of these people are comparable in a sense, they want happiness, love and security. Will they always find it?

And not too far distant from any of Mr. average family on a tract of land usually walled in, with man in uniform patrolling the walls or towers and armed with rifles, some inquisitive child may ask its parents in driving or walking by, "What's in there, Daddy?" the answer is always the same, "A prison, my child", the curious child asks no more questions, seemingly fear freezes the child's mind. But, what really goes on inside those foreboding walls?

It is sunday, we have all been to our respective religious services, and are now again in our cells; a call from the end of the range (row of cells) "Yard up". We file quietly out to the exercise yard, this time of year it's a football game, in fact we are in the finals. The interest is very keen, everbody is rooting for somebody; the game ends, a whistle blows and we line up for dinner. After the meal, some read, some write, the hobbyist gets at his hobby then, the gong goes; we go to a movie, that brings us to supper. We make up our beds, again some read, some sleep, the hobby man gets to his work again, some listen to the radio; the diversion period is over, we are again in our cell, many anticipating the coming radio programmes such as Monitor, Our Miss Brooks, Neutralite theatre and the

National News. During the course of these programmes let us make a mythical round of any range. First cell: Joe. he is just listening to the radio. next—Big Pete, his earphones on his pillow, is deep into a letter home to the Missus—we come to Wheezy Bill, he justa sittin listenin to the moosic,—here's Freddie, he's finishing up a beautiful leather purse for the girl friend he hopes is waiting for him.—George is next, he's really busy writing papers on his Bible course, yes, dear reader he's sincere and is trying hard to make amends,—we come to Old silver Tip, as always, you will find him, a few reference books, a dictionary on the desk and writing like a madman; he had a deadline to meet, you see, he writes for the Diamond. The Editor demands action and lots of it. So dear reader on down the Range we go— the sleeper, the reader, the listener, the guy with a hobby, the writer, last but not least the guy who just sits on his bed and thinks, what about? Only God could answer that one.

In closing just how many of us the world over have ever thought no matter where we are, or our station in life to sacrifice a moment or so of our time and thank our Creator for just being alive.

Should you have enjoyed this fantasia, just tell our Editor, he will possible twist my arm for another one.

The Marshall gone serious.

SALVAGE & SWILL

STRAIGHT FROM THE COB...

"For goodness sake," scolded the angry wife, after having asked her husband for the fifth Sunday to accompany her to Church, "the neighbors will soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded.

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"What will you charge me to paint my boat," asked a man of a painter.
"Twelve dollars a day," was the reply.
"Good Lord! I wouldn't pay Michelangelo that price," exclaimed the boat owner.
"Well, I tell you one thing," declared the pa. ter; "if that wop is taking the job for less, he ain't no member of the union."

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"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client.
"I did, sir."
"And what did he say?"
"He told me to go to the devil."
"And what did you do then?"
"Why, then I came to you."

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Tom:" Have you ever been in a railway accident?"
Dick: "Yes, once when I was in a train and we went through a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

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"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again.
"You have had some trouble with angina pectoris, haven't you?"
"You're right in a way, Doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that isn't her name."

PERKY POEMS BY PRISONER POETS

Diamonds in the Rough

WAVES

Two short waves, then one long,
Against the shore, they play their song,
Year on year, for evermore,
Beat ceaselessly against the shore.

In placid mood; period of calm,
This incessant symphony, goes on,
Never pausing, no delay,
Always playing night and day.

Man might well, a lesson take,
Pause, observe some nearby lake,
Whether it be roiled or content,
The waves still work with one intent.

And so by watching, one can see,
It is in nature, necessity,
Each wave does a little more,
Than the one that went before.

Many men live, and leave a mark ,
Spreading light to dispel the dark,
How many men, life's whole span live
And never a thought to the other man give?

GUNNER.

MUSIC

A slap of rope, against a spar,
A tolling bell-buoy heard afar,
Rustle of water on the hull,
Then silence as the breezes lull.

Night sounds so familiar they're unheeded,
In quiet haven, lights unneeded,
Moon and stars, heightly splendour,
Cast eerie light o'er sheltered harbour.

A host of sounds, and murmurs are heard,
The quiet lament of some night bird,
Noises too numerous to trace,
Woven to make night a lovely lace.

These things long past, so well remembered.
Unpleasant happenings, now are embered,
Anchored away in the dusty past,
But think of the future yet uncast.

GUNNER.

I'M A FARMER

You folks can have that city life,
It aint the life for me,
You folks can keep your Cadillacs
I'll keep my model T,
I'll admit that it don't run too good
And sure aint much for showin,
But one thing sure it always gets me
To the place I'm goin.

I may be just a simple hick
Without much edjucation,
But it don't take no brains to grow
That country vegetation,
And though I work from morn to night
I'll always have my health,
And thats one thing you city folks
Can't buy with all your wealth.

You city boys prefer the drinks
That's got official stickers,
But I can get as drunk as you
On home made old corn likker,
And you boys go to see a gal
In clothes with fancy seams,
But I can go acourtin
When I'mwearing old blue jeans.

There's one more thing I've got to say
Out here I'm never chokin,
I don't have to breath that air
With all them factories smokin,
I love those quiet country scenes
And live a peaceful way,
Although I"m just a country hick
That's what I'm gonna stay.

By Harry the Cheval

TIME

What is Time, some one may ask?
When watching craftsman at a task,
It's something I need to do this well,
And will it last? Only time will tell.

Bdr.

DEAR READER:

May we have the pleasure of receiving a subscription from you?

We earnestly solicit your support of the C.B. DIAMOND. You may wish to subscribe yourself (if you have not already done so) or on behalf of a relative, friend or business acquaintance whom you think would be interested.

We will be pleased to mail the Diamond to you or, on your behalf, to any address. (In case of the latter, it may be sent with your compliments or, if you prefer, anonymously.)

(Continued on back page)

A WORD TO THE WISE

If fields are prisons, where is liberty.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND.....*Warden and Senior Officer*
DAVID M. McLEAN ..... *Deputy Warden*
HERBERT FIELD.....*Chief Keeper*
FRED SMITH.....*Principal Keeper*
WILLIAM DOWNTON.....*Chief Vocational Officer*
EDWARD OGILVIE.....*Chief Trade Instructor*
HAYDN MINTON.....*Chief Accountant*
HAAKON HAMNES.....*Chief Engineer*
FREDERICK HARRIS.....*Warden's Secretary*
CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD.....*Chief Steward*
HOWARD PUTNAM ..... *Storekeeper*
CLARENCE HOGEBOOM.....*Supervisor, School and Library Dept.*
FELIX McALLISTER.....*Schoolteacher*
ERIC ATKINS.....*Deputy Warden's Secretary*
JAMES DONALDSON.....*Censor*
JAMES EDMUNDS ..... *Physical Training Instructor*
REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D.....*Protestant Chaplain*
REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J.....*Roman Catholic Chaplain*

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Department of Justice, Penitentiaries Branch
Ottawa, Canada.

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GUSTAVE L. SAUVANT, B.A..... *Senior Assistant Commissioner*
JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN.....*Assistant Commissioner*
NEIL R. MacLEAN, C.A. ..... *Assistant Commissioner*

NOTABLE NOTATION

Be thine own palace or the world's thy gaol.

From: The C.B. DI[illegible]D,
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontari[illegible]

Author[illegible]lass mail Post
Office D[illegible] Canada.



Support your loc[illegible]
Red Cross Gr[illegible]

The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

To Winter

Robert Burns.

NOTICE

If you would like to have a friend receive a complimentary copy of The DIAMOND, please send a request to The Editor, Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.